

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

The Yukon:  
A dream province

# Maclean's

DECEMBER 24, 1979

75¢



**ELECTION 1980:  
HERE  
WE GO  
AGAIN**



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# For love but not for money

By Jack McLeod

I want to advise young Canadian writers I'd tell them to write about subjects with international appeal.

Since before the invention of Jack McLeod and even of the typewriter, budding authors have been told, "Write about what you know." Fair enough. But it's much better to know things that will get a hell with readers in the United States or Britain. In Canada, writers of fiction are an endangered species. If you want to make a living, various and this isn't your grasp. I recently published a novel that "made it" in Canada and earned me a lot of satisfaction — plus enough money to buy a very good car. Luckily I don't need the money. I have a privileged position as a professor, plus the inaffable luxury of a working wife. Because the world is not at my feet, I can be caudal about the economics of the Canadian book trade.

To receive laudatory reviews and to appear on almost every talk show on radio and TV is hardly staff. The trouble is, it raises false hopes in the bosom of the writer. My novel (*Zinger* and *My* made Marjorie's best-seller list and when Barbara Amiel called it "marvellous," who was I to get bitter? After 30 weeks on the Toronto *Star's* national best-seller list, the book went into a second printing. Is this not success?

It was at that point that well-intentioned friends began to gripe about how they earned my vast royalties. "Becoming salaried, eh? Gonna you'll retire on the proceeds." Well, at least a couple of years on the *Riviera*, right? "First 600,000, as Mr. Deleznaker used to say. It is to grieve. Established writers, particularly of nonfiction, often earn big dollars, but the truth is that trying to sell new hard-core fiction in this country is like selling fish bait in the Sahara.

I finished my novel in May, 1977, after working on it for a year, or 41 years, depending on your perspective. Within two weeks, McLeod and Stewart agreed to accept it — "for the spring." Being arrogant and impatient, I asked whether it couldn't be published by the summer? "You don't understand," I was told, "we mean the spring, not of 1978, but of '79."

A two-year wait. This prospect seemed to me like having a baby, then being told you couldn't see your offspring for 24 months. Had I known about the ratio of manuscripts submitted to those accepted (at least 200 to one) I'd have been on my knees in gratitude. Instead, I submitted the fruit of my labor to three other publishers, with visions of speed if not superiority dancing in my head.

Result? One offer gave me a definite "maybe" — if I'd do an extensive rewrite. A second rejected it, saying that the only thing harder to sell than a first novel was a comic novel. A third editor lost the copy I had sent him. I ran back to W&L and signed for March '79.



*"Write about sitting in a New York bar and thinking about Regina"*

When the book appeared and *The Globe and Mail* hailed it as "both serious and wildly funny," I started to fret. Reality began to break in when Brenda in the *Westerns* I soon told me that the normal print-run for a first novel is a trifling 2,500 copies. Had I heard of the well-known local scribbler who sold 30,000 copies in England, but fewer than 2,000 in Canada? Or of another name writer who cracked the best-seller lists on total sales of only 1,700 copies?

Time to make a few calculations. *Zinger's* initial print-run was 3,000, priced at \$15.95. In round numbers, the publisher receives 50 per cent of the price, the bookseller 40 per cent, and the author 10 per cent. So I could expect royalties of some \$3,500. Before taxes. Minus expenses. Minus the revenue from, say, 200 copies distributed to media reviewers, free. With a net return like that, a writer could live for almost three whole months on his loot — if the price of macaroni doesn't rise.

Small wonder that most writers have other full-time jobs, or the like at the level of grubby subsistence.

Basically what writers need are sales, buyers. I wish I had a dime or even a cookie for every person who has told me that he got my book from a library, or who read a novel reviewer's freetext. What is this phobia that Canadians have about buying hard-core? Granted, a book at \$15 is not cheap. But book prices have risen much less than costs of clothing or coffee and people who think little of paying \$15 for a tank of gas look at paying that much for a book that may last a lifetime.

Doesn't the writer at least wallow in the supreme ego trip of being interviewed on radio and TV? Hardly. Half of the program hosts had not read the book. Okay, fair enough. Yet on one live TV show I was asked: "Do you do any thing apart from writing?" "It says on the dust jacket, I teach at U of T." "Oh, I must have missed that. And isn't your book like C.P. Snow's?" "No, more like a beginner's Stephen Leacock." I should have seen it coming. "Really? Who's Leacock?"

So you hope for publication abroad, in the larger markets like London and New York. My publisher has tried hard to get me printed there, but keeps getting turned down because my references are to real Canadians like Creech and Deleznaker and Lévesque. "Who are these people anyway?" one Yankee publisher asked. "Can't the thing be rewritten with jokes about Jimmy Carter?"

No, I wrote about what I knew and what I care about. So my advice to young writers is don't write about Regina or Ottawa. If you want success, or just three squares per day, write about sitting in a New York bar and thinking about Regina or Ottawa. Then, you've got a hope. Until Canadians begin to regard books about themselves as important no-accounts, not mere luxuries, that's your only hope.

Jack McLeod is a professor of political science at the University of Toronto and a free-lance writer as well as novelist.



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# New life for a grand old lady

By Ken Becker

**T**oday it's tough to find anybody in town who was against it. Most people remember it as a contentious issue that had neighbors slamming doors and shouting over the back fence at one another. But opponents are so extraordinarily hard to pin down. Either a lot of minds have been changed or there are a lot of extremely selective memories in Cobourg, Ontario.

Take Boyd Elandy, the town's a big red firehopper who owns the main shop on Cobourg's main drag, King Street. It wasn't that long ago that Boyd was the project's most virulent critic as town council. New Boyd says, "Victoria Hall? There's no way I wanted a gracious old building like that torn down."

Ask Jack Haysen. He's the mayor, has been for the past 18 years, chosen all but once by acclamation. Haysen agrees: before the way Haysen can sit on both sides of the fence at once without appearing to be on either. A few years ago, when the debate was swirling around Victoria Hall, it was quite difficult to figure where Haysen was sitting.

Now, there's no doubt his workshop has caught the drift. "With our country threatened with division," he says, "there's no better way to keep us together than with historic pride. Victoria Hall has that meaning now."

And Bob Wilson, the deputy reeve. "I grew up with Victoria Hall," he says, "and I still love it. It was nothing spectacular, just an old building. We called her the Old Lady of King Street." Now I see what she stands for, how she reflects the character of our town gracefully, now."

All over Cobourg it's the same. The \$1,000,000 estimate seems to have found a new seat on the backwash now that Victoria Hall is nearly restored to its 130-year-old elegance, now that more than \$4 million—already making it the most expensive private historic restoration project ever in Canada—has been spent, now that the municipal office inside evokes an 18th-century charm with 20th-century conveniences, now that the exquisite drop-wall masterpiece, a replica of the Old Bailey, gleams with polished wood, and features two Wylie Grier portraits and a perfect restoration of the lun and unicorn coat of arms mural behind the bench, now that the art gallery and the meeting rooms are open, now that the clock tower, 180 feet above King Street, serves as a beacon all over town, now that a decade-long project seen its completion in 1993. This quaint town on Lake Ontario, 70 miles east of Toronto, smelt a minuscule, first class pride, then tourist dollars.

"Don't let anybody tell you different," says John Taylor. "The town was dragged kicking and screaming all the way." Taylor has the eerily local of the restaurant. He's tall and angular, neither his clothes nor hair seem to fit properly. He has left town now. He picked up at the onset of winter and moved to Penzance, British Columbia, to set up an art gallery. Taylor was the first executive director of the Society for the Restoration of Victoria Hall, and there was never any question in his mind that the building had to be saved. Art and history and beauty must be preserved.

Taylor used to sit in the local schools and give art history lessons. He would show the kids a close-up slide of a beautiful stone pediment tapping four Corinthian columns and ask them where they thought the building was located. "Some would say Greece, others Italy or France. When I told them it was their own Victoria Hall, designed by Toronto architect Ross Telfer, done right down the street in the late 1860s, they'd just gape. When you live with something you can't see it."

When Taylor saw nightgowns, a lot of people in town saw only off-white trousers. He was an outsider, originally from Toronto. It was their hall more than his, to do with as they pleased. When, in 1951, an engineering study condemned Victoria Hall as unsafe—its rotting beams threatened collapse—and closed it, some townspeople thought, good riddance. Now they could get those additional parking spaces, or build a new hockey arena. The war was on, the culture wars versus the jocks.

Bernie Haysen, current president of the restoration society. "There's never a ground swell of support for something of a cultural or historic nature. But a small and dedicated group started this thing and finally gained the support of most of the town." The publisher of the Cobourg Daily Star, James Johnston, was a supporter from the beginning. "It's been a big effort to get the



Photo by Bob Wilson



Interior, Victoria Hall: shifting southeast.

town on this," he says. "It took a long time. But I tell you this: Victoria Hall would have been a parking lot long ago if not for Lemah Fisher."

Lemah Fisher's house sits on the west end of King Street. The front porch has been captured by vines, deteriorated. A nearby stone wall also has been attacked the roof and threaten to strangle the chimney stack. Still, at 150, the house hardly looks its age. And neither does Lemah. Most people figure she's nearing 80, ask her and she'll say, "I'm 101, and if you believe that you're a duffer. If you don't, you know it's none of your damn business."

She lives with her maid, Bertha, and a Westminster puppy named Chaucer on Cobourg. She's a tiny woman, under five feet. But her posture is correct and her handshake firm. Her grandfather, John Field, ended over most of the east end of town in his day. He was around when the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, came to Cobourg in 1890 and dedicated Victoria Hall in his mother's name. John's Field owned the house next door to Lemah's and lived in it for a while for \$8 a month to the Koerber family. The Koerbers' daughter, Leila Marie, went off to New York and Hollywood and made quite a name for herself. Marie Douglas Lemah, from the townsfolk, her by her grandfather and father, and from personal experience, can recite most of the town's history, knows its famous sons and daughters.

In 1937, after years of Marie Douglas's fussing in her windows, Lemah opened the house next door as Douglas House, a restaurant which still operates (though Lemah sold it in 1974). Many vacationers visited Cobourg in those days (the Rochester-Cobourg ferry stopped running in 1945). Lemah says some 12,000 people ate in her restaurant every summer. "And they all asked the same thing: 'When are you going to do something about that beautiful old Victoria Hall?'"

By 1950, the building was in a terrible state of disrepair. No one knew at the time that the beams had been rotting since it was built. Lemah recalls measuring Governor-General Vincent Massey in the concert hall one evening that the horizontal Ballet was getting more leisure because of the "sprung" dance floor. Actually, it was barking. The 300-seat concert hall was a death trap.

Widowed in 1956, Lemah went into politics, a one-man campaigner in the Victoria Hall. In 1960 she was elected to town council. That same year, she travelled to Ottawa, called a few political big shots and, she says, "By reading, by the next council meeting there was a letter signed Victoria Hall had been named a national historic site." For 15 years she served on the council and fought for the restoration of the hall. After the genuine 1971 engineer's report it became a real battle. The historic house being named a national historic site, and later a provincial historic site, meant \$400,000 in grants for restoration. But they demanded matching funds from the town. Enough money came in (initially to start restoration in 1973, Ontario Premier William Davis came to Cobourg to give the project his blessing. That helped. The next year, Queen Elizabeth did the same. That helped some more. Settlement began to shift.

In 1974, Ed Haysen, retired army colonel, retired corporation president, took over the fund-raising. A man of strong personal bearing and a straight shooter, Haysen looked like someone who knew what he was doing. Toward the end of this year, more than \$1 million in private donations had been poured into the project, more than \$3 million over-all. Another \$1 million would complete the concert hall, fix its "sprung floor" and drive the facade. "Thank God it's almost over," Haysen was saying in late November, bracing for the last round of fund-raising. "Thank God this is the campaign to end all campaigns."

When the restoration society first went to Marie Hall to donate money, she said, "Sure I'll give you all you need—to blow it up." Hall, who runs the jewelry store on the north side of King Street, has lived in the town all her life, as her father did, after his father came to Cobourg from Ireland. "It's my town," she says, "and it's my town hall. But I don't, for 100 years the council didn't do a damn thing to preserve it and then they suddenly wanted millions to fix it up? I was mad." This year, after seven years of holding out, Marie Hall gave Ed Haysen a cheque for \$1,000.



ROY SCHEIDER

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EXCLUSIVE TORONTO ENGAGEMENT STARTS FRIDAY DECEMBER 21st.

Q & A

## A voice for India's women

**"F**rom supreme power, to dis-  
grace, to supreme power inside  
three years," sums a distinct  
possibility," observed Maclean's corre-  
spondent Peter Macneil of Indira  
Gandhi (Dec. 18, 1975). If the electoral  
results blew in her direction, Gandhi  
could be back in office as Indian prime  
minister next month. But even the re-  
election of one of the world's most for-  
midable female politicians would have  
little effect on the status of women in  
that country, says Sabita Hassan, a jo-  
urnalist in India's fledgling feminist move-  
ment. *Maclean's* is a co-founder of  
Mumbai, India's first feminist maga-  
zine, which has been publishing for just  
over a year. During a recent visit to  
Canada, Hassan was interviewed for  
Maclean's by free-lance writer Roberta  
Green.

**Macneil's:** What are Mahatma's goals?  
**Hassan:** We want to reach as many  
women as possible. There's nothing on  
the scale of a women's movement in  
India, although groups are starting and  
we have contacts with women in the  
rural areas where 50 per cent of the pop-  
ulation lives. Women work in the fields  
along with the men and, in many cases,  
are the sole breadwinners in the family.  
Rural landlords have great power—they  
own such a size of her land if he refuses  
to let the landlord sleep with his  
wife and village women are made avail-  
able to him when his own wife is preg-  
nant. This is just part of the daily life of  
poor women.

**Macneil's:** How did you personally  
manage to reach so many of the tradi-  
tional attitudes toward women?

**Hassan:** Like Gandhi's, my family is an  
exception. My father—who was a  
radical, left-wing politician—never re-  
spected my mother to sit at home. My  
husband had a traumatic mother and  
wanted me to be the same but gradually  
over the nine years of our marriage  
things have changed. I just had to re-  
fuse to do everything.

**Macneil's:** What are conditions like for  
women in the cities?

**Hassan:** Women work mainly as man-  
ual servants, as clerks, on assembly lines at  
they stay at home. Some are beginning  
to get management positions or are be-  
coming doctors and lawyers, but that's  
a very small minority.

**Macneil's:** According to a report on telex  
facilities the problems of working  
women have hardly been under-  
stood. Can you give an example of  
what conditions are like?

**Hassan:** The women in these particular  
factories make police uniforms, which  
is harder than as skilled laborers.  
Their monthly average wage, based on  
piecework, is far below the government-  
prescribed minimum for unskilled la-  
bor. They receive no allowance, no in-  
crements or sick leave, and of course no  
maternity leave. Whenever they are ab-  
sent, their wages are cut. They are not  
employed on a permanent basis and the  
employer can, and has, thrown them out.



Hassan and her magazine "Mahatma," like  
Gandhi's, my family is an exception.

As she grows older she is given away to  
her husband. And, in old age she is  
dependent on her son. So a woman is  
never really free. Even in India, women  
are not given an equal footing with men.  
Men is the rule-giver and women has to  
comply with all his expectations.

**Macneil's:** What changes do you most  
want to see for women in India?  
**Hassan:** First, I would want to see that  
we as women have at least the basic  
freedom to express ourselves. I would  
like to see us think of ourselves as peo-  
ple, not as someone's property.

**Macneil's:** What would you say are the  
most barriers for change?

**Hassan:** It's very difficult for us to talk  
about our families. Even if a woman is  
brave, she wouldn't want to talk  
openly about it. We have to learn to  
speak for ourselves and our suffering.

# Changing times in paradise

Paradise is not what it used to be. Once the wealthy, the titled and the simply indolent had the place to themselves. But today not only aristocrats, millionaires and playboys enjoy the winter sunshine at Marbella on Spain's southern coast. Scorching rollers fester amid the palm trees, bougainvillea and whitewashed luxury villas—more international raffishness than Interpat could shake a nightstick at. It seems drug smugglers, bank robbers, tax dodgers, rentiers, all crave the balmy climate and raucous atmosphere of this exclusive slice of the Costa del Sol. Those with enough style and gull can move freely through Marbella society which, according to longtime resident and party grower Juan Manuel Pizarro, "will forgive anything as long as you're a fun person." It's not a question of money—you can throw a reasonable party for only \$1,000. Parties for such homeowners as pop star Rod Stewart or United Arab Emirates President Sheikh Zayed.

At Marbella fiestas, bullfighters rub shoulders with British peers, American country magnates with runaway financiers, jingles with gags. Film stars Sean Connery, Mel Ferrer and Deborah Kerr own holidaying here, as does retired racing driver James Hunt and the shah of Iran's family. Wheeler-dealer Adrian Khanbeger, middleman in the Lockheed scandal, owns a seaside pad to entertain clients and female friends. "Money is what this place is all about. Nobody cares what you did before you came," confesses Herman Richard Winter, 31, who edits the Marbella-based Spanish financial *Sunday*. The only six around Marbella is to be here and there is nothing more boring than getting caught, as a gang of international dope smugglers has just discovered. Plinking large wads of cash and driving expensive cars, the gang lived it up in local nightspots. Finally the police swooped down. Their haul, most of it concealed beneath a swimming pool, totaled almost one ton of hashish. Two yachts—one British, the other under Panama's flag—were seized recently in Puerto Riano, a 1,000-



Marbella: drugs, wads of cash and call girls flocking to the coast in season

berth marina with the usual postscript of a Hollywood film set. The port is becoming an lagoon for its drug traffic as far as its million ruble gump. Only 30 minutes by fast motor cruiser across the Mediterranean lies Morocco where entire villages depend on the growth and sale of hashish. Southern Spain has become Europe's gateway for Moroccan dope and arrests are frequent, particularly at the southern port of Algeiras. Most of the 18 Canadians currently in Spanish jails for drug trafficking are in Algeiras and Gibraltor. British finance junkie Rastok, under investigation by British tax authorities over currency dealings involving millions of pounds, enjoys his exile in a marble mansion set in extensive grounds behind lofty walls. When he throws a party all Marbella goes. One recent guest confessed, however, "It was a bit uninteresting. The grounds were patrolled by armed men in jungle green and the place is full of DeBourmann passengers." The fierce DeBourmann are the favorite pets of the coast's most discreet residents. Slava who dodged the Allied wrath in 1945 and fled to the shelter of fascist Spain

It is the Arabs, however, who receive most attention. They have staked away an estimated \$300 million in property around Marbella. Tales abound of massive losses in the casino. High-class call girls flock to the coast in season hoping to pick up an oil well or two. One Arab employs talent agents to fly in pretty girls by helicopter to his yacht.

The Arabs led an oasis in the swish Marbella Club, presided over by the playboy Alfonso von Habsburgo, who played a big part in promoting the coast's jet-set image. His marriage with Jackie Lane, a glamorous British film starlet, has broken up and the prince is again wooing his first wife, Princess Irina von Furstenberg. His marriage to Irina when she was only 15 created an international future some years ago.

In paradise, anything goes, as long as it's fun. Kamara (The Happy Hooker) Holland was part of the swagging scene when she first bought an apartment. Now fast getting on her weight, she has become one of Marbella's spectacles when she sunbathes topless on a local beach. But her wild antics at parties have caused her name to be stricken off many invitation lists. "She's just too vulgar," snapped one hostess. And that in Marbella is almost as bad as being a bore. David Baird

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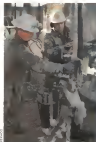
## Pay now, enjoy the energy later

Petroleum Resources Conservation Foundation is a group of 150 oil companies—small and large—and we would like to offer our compliments to you on your energy report. The *Energy Crisis* (Nov. 12). We hope you have several more issues in which you deal with these very complex issues. There is a place in Canada for the big companies and the small companies. Massive investment costs required to exploit far north heavy oil and offshore exploration need to be undertaken by companies with their large cash flows and borrowing power. In addition, there are many opportunities that are more logically undertaken by the smaller organizations such as exploration and development in more accessible areas. Canada imports a third of its oil needs. This is costing us \$4 billion this year and is climbing with every price hike. Canada needs to give its oil industry every incentive it can to allow the industry to face the enormous challenges of the future.

J.R. DUNBAR, PRESIDENT, PETROLEUM RESOURCES CONSERVATION FOUNDATION, CALGARY

## A force beyond politics

In my opinion the crisis in Iran is the confrontation of ages (*Iran: Body Again*, Nov. 19). The Iranian self-righteousness, however, is rooted in a conviction about the atrocities committed against themselves—and the U.S. support for their enemies. By comparison, the violation of international law by the Iranian



students—the take-over of the embassy, the holding of the hostages—is the cause of a much less "pure" outrage. I think the West is learning that a spiritual force can be unleashed that overcomes the separation of church and state and creates an integrity of purpose far more threatening to our Western ideas than Castro's Cuba, or any political revolution. Let us be perfected in the intense awareness of the situation. It is not American innocence versus Iranian terrorism.

BRIAN W. CARLSON, VICTORIA, B.C.

## Another offensive term

I am distressed that my quote in your article *The Women's Work Is Getting Done* (Oct. 29), which described the work of my office (*Status of Women*,

Drilling for oil: "enormous challenges"

Canada), left the impression that we are not concerned about people who have particular handicaps. That is not the case, and I apologize for leaving that impression. Both women and the disabled (half of whom are women) suffer discrimination. In each case, however, the nature of the discrimination is different. Frequently women, the handicapped and native people are all referred to together, as "special interest" groups. For women, who comprise slightly more than half the population, this is an offensive designation. I agree with L.H. Theodor's comment, *Letters* (Nov. 26), that "the disabled seek not rights as a 'special interest group,' only the same rights enjoyed freely by able-bodied Canadians."

MAUREEN O'SHEA,  
STATUS OF WOMEN, CANADA,  
OTTAWA

## The choice is yours

I was interested in your reviewer's description of *The Art of Naval Morimura* as representing the best (or was it, the worst?) of the whole species of Japanese art books! (*What's Bigger Than a Royal Box and Pies to the Moon?*, Dec. 3). Since the exhibitors and buyers at this year's Frankfurt Book Fair regarded Morimura as the book of the year, this leaves readers who pay attention to these important matters with a clear-cut choice. By the way, I wish I were as sure of anything as your reviewer is of everything.

LISTER REINELT, TORONTO

## Only in Scotland, you say?

I would like to add a few personal comments to your article *The Laird's Will Be Done* (Oct. 1) regarding the Scottish feudal system of free tenancy. Mr. Booth, who wished to buy the shop, intended to own it as a tourist gift shop. We stock things you cannot buy locally—like chemist's goods, children's clothes as well as crafts, thereby catering to local needs and not purely the visitors to Skene in the summer. The rights of pre-emption, by which we bought the shop, could therefore be argued to be a good law, as benefiting locally more, in this instance, than if Mr. Booth had bought the shop.

CLAIRE MACDONALD-OF-MACDONALD,  
ISLE OF SKYE, SCOTLAND

*Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to Letters in the Review, Maclean's magazine, 625 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5G 1A7.*

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# HERE WE GO AGAIN

By Robert Lewis

"Canada," the English poet Robert Brooke once opined, "is a live country, live, hot, not like the States, lacking." Wyndham Lewis asserted about "a semi-conscious nation," Voltaire "a dreamy country," and André Gide "the boring secondiddle in the American symphony." It is lamentable that these gentlemen weren't around to judge the "Canada is not boring because" contest on February 18—the second federal election in nine months, and only the sixth such slog through ice and snow since Confederation, or that they never encountered the Blues of a finance minister with a million years of gold for sale on a Tuesday evening, seeing only campaign advertisements by Thursday; or that they probably never got to see—not Grenfell, anyway—a political party forcing an election which a designated leader, or that they will miss freezing rain in Corner Brook, fog in Victoria and the 36-hour night of *Island* as grown men and women twisp and wheep upon the populace "Some kind of disease," Prince Maurice Jean Chabot, when 28-year-old "body" last week served as the music text for a production sung more to Aristophanes than Aristotle—with a rewrite by Hunter S. Thompson.

It all started innocently enough when, under the provisions of Standing Order 96 (6), the House of Commons was required to vote on a sub-amendment to the budget resolution passed by the NDP's Bob Rae condemning the government for "outright betrayal of its election promises." Within 29 hours the Liberals mustered all but one of these 153 voting members and joined 27 New Democrats, the gang of five



Parliamentarians outside the Commons after the vote: a battle plan from 1984?

Conservative under Fabien Roy declared its intention to abstain, and the government was toppled 139-138.

By week's end, with Joe Clark and Ed Broadbent already deep in details for cross-country swings before Christmas, the Liberal caucus in Ottawa, backed by a Saturday morning of the national insurance, was pleading with Pierre Trudeau, in the words of chairman Jacques Gauthier, "to come back to light, to win and to govern." Trudeau, however, has learned, participated personally in the drive to round up members for the vote and, indirectly, helped set the stage for a draft return. Clark, meanwhile,

sought to bury memories of his shaky seven months in office with a display of crisp confidence that Canadians are prepared to swallow the budget and new energy policies as his first lesson in ward off advancing economic ills. At first blush, the Liberal tactics had the ring of a battle plan from Mod magazine, not *Maclean's*. But emboldened by home as a Christmas party the night before the vote on Thursday and the equally heady elation of their 18-point lead over the Tories in the last Gallup poll, they convinced themselves that the Clark years were over—a mere 206 days after his election last May 22.

If, as expected, Trudeau this week responds with force to his party's well-coordinated appeal, the campaign to come will be anything but a replay of the days of Max Baucus from Jerusalem to Petroleum. The Clark government did not pass any important new legislation (see story, page 17). But Clark did put flesh on his gaudy view of governance. No matter who eventually heads the Liberals, Clark's plans and posture, in most respects, will be an anti-blue: deep spending cuts in programs, more open and informal government and the end of what he dismisses as "gossamer federalism." That the sunny nature of the call could produce a campaign of sharp contrast on issues is only a minor mystery in a week of wakeups.

## TUESDAY

It seemed somehow grotesque that John Crosbie's new \$187 million debt and securities measures had no sales and that he got his feet wet paddling around in the night with the first Tory budget in 17 years? "That's the definition," Crosbie admonished the Conservative caucus "That is an offshore body."

And how a host in oil prices, now

## Renta-leader has the last laugh

For years the Social Credit caucus in Parliament has been looked upon as a limp joke. Represented by pot-bellied undertakers and turners with a taste for loud plaids, the party spends most of its time promoting its peculiar monetary policy and lamenting the spread of luncheon in cattle stock. Seemed with little chance, even upended, after the way county courts can be—had a fundamental conservative has kept them from crossing the thin line between eccentricity and insanity. This is, until the Fabien factor.

When Roy a unilingual telephonist and university professor/politician from Quebec, has had a difficult time since he became leader of the federal Socialists last spring. The party lost five of its 11 seats in the May election and Roy had no support in Ottawa before the Tories had stolen Richard J. Daniels, one of the party's brightest lights. The exorbitant Roy was so stung by the Tory bid that he released an angry statement declaring his party was "not for sale."

But as it turned out, it was for rent. The Socialists won the Tories in a close no-confidence motion on Peter-Canada 10 months and in return Roy got public assurances that there would be no heating or shortages in Quebec. The writer and a kindred capitalist bargain, giving the Socialists regular speaking time in the House despite their diminished numbers. A comfortable position settled in Parliament.

taxes on gasoline, tobacco, alcohol, cosmetics and photostitching; the prospect of wage lagging and inflation warning to double digits until 1982. Crosbie played "short-term pain for long-term gain," namely a reduced deficit and better growth through the '80s. There was some selected sweetening, too: an energy tax credit to offset higher oil and gas prices for families earning under \$25,700, tax deferrals for salaries paid to a spouse by the boss in the service business, tax deferrals on capital gains up to \$100,000 for farmers and a bank of goodies for rural Canada, including increased exemption for volunteer firemen, and lower prices on Bible recordings and bird-scaring devices.

## WEDNESDAY

Predictably, the opposition attacked snippets of its own—but no one, with much, believed that the nation must

fall—the Socialists would not put the plug on Joe Clark's new government.

But Thursday Fabien had the last laugh. He wanted the Tories seriously to amend energy tax proposals in the budget, and the Tories wouldn't listen. In fact, no matter how they crossed Roy in the end, Roy's live votes could not have saved the government anyway. But when word of the Socialists' statement started to spread Thursday, it was like a psychological earthquake.

er's gaze—the election race was on. Ironically, all that night have been avoided had Joe Clark been a little more friendly toward Fabien. Do you know Joe Clark did not have one single conversation with him in over a month?" said a Roy aide last week. "They really should have been Fabien seriously."

Susan Riley

Key guests former Air Canada Chairman Bryce Mackenzie like a starlet's peek



Trudeau departs the Parliament buildings, Clark and Crosbie after the vote: one more mystery in a week of wakeups

"We spread clear in the budget speech, Crosbie delivered his \$187 and last November's budget 10 years before. But this finance measure personally related and a reference to the actual week-12 months before his crash of 20 years ago before the financial collapse of Newfoundland.



Trudeau departs the Parliament buildings, Clark and Crosbie after the vote: one more mystery in a week of wakeups

## Down the drain and out the door

It was just outside the House of Commons, under the glaring overhead light of television cameras, where black instant cameras pop gleefully into public microphones. That public reaction to John Crosbie's Tory budget—the budget that never was—found its first audience. Too much profit for the oil companies, blustered Ed Broadbent. A blow to the housing industry, purred Lloyd Axworthy. Did nothing to lower interest rates, charged Bob Rae. Accepted the fact of a recession, spat out John Crosbie. Mask-wearing options to be sure—but placement of the first federal budget in two decades to make a serious attempt at tackling Canada's profitable spending habits by actually drawing money out of the economy—about \$3.5 billion—rather than pumping it back in. Money that might have been poured into universities or research through the use of a "stimulative deficit"—an earlier Tory promise—could only have come by enlarging the deficit, which already stands at \$11.2 billion, the highest per capita of any Western country. Much of that in loan commitments alone would be achieved by enlarging the money supply, the worst instant method for taming inflation. Crosbie's plan to reduce the deficit may have been flawed by the proposed speed of implementation—an effect cutting it in half over four years—but almost every responsible business organization or economic commentator agreed that his basic aim was good. Crosbie tried an increased

revenue raised through indirect taxes. Increased taxes—in this case, the immediate 25-cent-a-gallon excise tax on gasoline plus the additional duty on alcohol and tobacco—are more politically acceptable than direct, or income, taxes (particularly in the case, as the Clark government was laboring under the liability of having promised personal tax cuts).

The energy proposals in Crosbie's budget got hit in a dented-if-not-doomed, dammed-if-you-don't-pardon-by beginning the essential task of raising Canada's energy costs while adding to inflation. Even though the proposed energy tax credit scheme would have helped low-income earners and given special aid to Canada's vulnerable western provinces, the overall plan was marred by the important fact that most of the extra revenue was to be used for general purposes and not for Clark's touted energy self-sufficiency by 1990. Worse, this budget balance sheet revealed it would require a good chunk of the extra revenue generated by the gasoline excise tax to pay for the Tory's mortgage interest and property tax credit schemes—and another election promise which would have cost the government about \$7 billion over the next four years.

The Crosbie budget failed to deal with Canada's despicable current account or balance of payments deficit either. Forecast to reach \$30 billion this year, The Opposition politicians who have shared since Crosbie's budget was "too tough" may soon discover that it wasn't nearly tough enough. It was clearly political—and not economic—that brought the budget to sales.

**Anthony Wallington**

**Comedian The 1177 moccasin had no sales**



Credulous Father Roy brought the fun and games to an end by declaring his intent to sit out the vote with his four followers (see box). "All our people," confided one Liberal, "want an acting president for the vote. They don't want to be angered as the people who supported the government." By midday Clark and his confidantes realized that they were in trouble. Even with Ray's support and one more vote of their own, the best this could do was to tie, but above of their vote was missing. Lloyd Crosbie from Nova Scotia, specifically on a South Seas cruise, Radatchewski's Alvin Elmiston in hospital with kidney disease and Flora MacDonald at NATO meetings in Brussels (see World news). Roy's request for a doubling of the energy tax credit was refused. The call went out for members of the Tory national campaign committee to be visible in Ottawa.

As the division bell rang at 9:45 p.m., there were still doozies. Treasury Board President Sheila Sturgeon let a vigorous bottle of Chivas that the Tories would survive. By 10:30, the chorus



Victorino Jio and Maurice on May 22 help entered the outdoor waiting line.

of cheers and the shower of paper on the Commons floor signalled the end. "I think we stumbled into it," one shaker Liberal MP roared in the crush of the lobby. Said Theresa Kellie: "I have never emotions I think we did."

### FRIDAY

Not, from all signs, May Clark. As the help waited the outdoor waiting risk at Riding Hall, the prime minister stepped confidently out at his Chevalier. At an 8 a.m. meeting with Opposition General Ed Schreyer, who apparently avoided the session to 15 minutes by asking if Clark wanted a sure-taker government to spare the nation a winter election. Clark refused and, after dropping in a party for Parliament Hill chairs, went to the Commons to announce the election date.

While Clark and Ed Broadbent held campaign to tell press members, the Liberals talked late into the night—emerging shortly before 11 p.m. as Allan Rock had put it, with "the overwhelming consensus" that Trudeau should restore his decision to step down. By then, Trudeau had returned to Montreal for the weekend with his children. As Mother's Ottawa bureau staffer Susan Riley reports: "The party lines said the decision was unanimous but it was in as many sentences. There were more than a few long faces especially from Ontario. The long day had been a victory for the Quebecers, which forced a Trudeau read from the nation."

### SATURDAY

As a meeting of the Liberal national committee opened in Ottawa, a word came that Trudeau had expressed interest in

## The promises that they couldn't keep

On May 22 Joe Clark was elected Canada's 13th and, at 39, youngest prime minister. His tenure was to last through an unexpected 200 days of unrest and broken promises, and his estates and policies remained in doubt from beginning to end. He was elected with a majority 36 per cent plurality and the consensus was that for many voters, Clark for change outweighed doubts about Clark. The former prime minister, Pierre Trudeau, who waged his campaign on the need for strong leadership, was unable to overcome dissatisfaction for his past by concentrating on Clark's seemingly moderate leadership.

Clark's longed beginning, which started in retreat with his advisers among the towering peak peaks of Jasper in the Rocky Mountains, lasted through a four-month recess, the longest in his tenure. The official Opposition submitted for the summer and Trudeau undoubtedly bored Clark a bore.

By Clark's government received high praise for its policy on the poor people. It started last summer as a one-for-one matching sponsorship program aimed by the government and private groups. But that was changed last fortnight with the government leaving the bulk of the sponsorship—about 35,000 of 50,000—to the private groups. Many charged the government with breach of faith.

Swing the summer, Clark took a couple of trips, the last as prime minister. He attended the Tokyo economic summit and the Commonwealth meeting in Lusaka, but

he made no lasting impression on the international community. His only other international initiative, the result of a campaign promise designed to win Jewish votes in Toronto, was a bungle. It involved the controversial move to transfer the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, an implied recognition of Jewish sovereignty over the city. Arab countries were not pleased and one Iraq temporarily stopped oil exports to Canada. Clark backed down.

Another campaign promise—the dismantling of Petro-Canada, the government-owned oil company—was one that a majority of Canadians have said they would like to see Clark break. But he wouldn't. He was determined to keep a campaign promise that was needed in the election campaign last spring and he would not let it go. He was determined to keep it. He appointed a study group to decide how to dismantle the company. The group's preliminary report recommended that free access should be given to the public. Clark was pressed but said he would wait until a final report is made.

He pledged in his findings that Conservatives would lower interest rates, but now then they have been raised four times. Two months after the election the Bank of Canada rate rose from 11.5 per cent from 11.5 per cent in September, climbed to 12.5 per cent, and in October it was increased first to 13 per cent and then to 14 per cent. Clark also promised a 30-billion income tax cut, but when the budget was finally approved the government proposed a \$3.5-billion tax increase.

It was the budget that spoiled him and the budget ironically was a promise Clark's government kept. It was a tough one for an Finance Minister John Crosbie, not a "short-term gain for a long-term gain." Canadians appeared ready for the worst, but disappointed at the prospect of another election. **Walter Gerson**

Clark in Tokyo last June with MacDonald, French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, Crosbie, a nation's source of gold for sale.



AP/WIDE WORLD

staying-on—winning thoughts that this had been his plan all along. Pending word from Trudeau, no decision was made on a leadership convention for January. At the dinner hour, the lights in Joe Clark's fourth-floor suite at 405 St. James St. were on. In Trudeau's words, all was darkness.

Thus did the nation's business grind to a halt for the 67 day campaign. The budget provisions, including the tax on gasoline and tax credits for energy, and welfare payments, have been withdrawn by parliamentary custom. The decision on spending \$2.3 billion for fighter jets, scheduled for last Friday, never was made. This week's meeting of

first ministers on the economy and energy was delayed in Quebec, however, Premier René Lévesque plans to go ahead this week to reveal the wording of The Question for the referendum, a campaign that now will run in concert with the federal election. On the social side, Governor-General Schreyer has postponed an annual skating party—but it was only a host for a bunch of Ottawa reporters who now join the political leaders on some red ice and skate. John Randolph, the Vice-president of the Liberal Party during the fall of 1972, could have been named "the eternal monotonous tone," he once exclaimed in exasperation "Canada/Canada/Canada!"



Macdonald (top) when he left the cabinet, 1977, Buser (left) trying to get word, Clark and Buser during October 1980 speech with 'an eternal monotonous tone'



## Troubled by a sudden loss of confidence

The downfall last week of Joe Clark's Progressive Conservatives marked the second time in Canadian federal politics that a government had been defeated over a proposed budget. In all, four federal governments have been ousted after losing confidence motions. St. John A. Macdonald, Canada's first prime minister, survived this loss in nine months, an minor matter in his years, but for Clark and Francis Mulroney, the loss was a political disaster. The loss was followed by the fourth watercourse motion in 66 days of Parliament.

In 1874, Sir John A. Macdonald and his Liberal Minister John Turner, a tax man No. 30 at the time, The Liberal Minister of Finance, Sir John A. Macdonald, and his budget, which was attacked by Sir John David Lewis as a "neglected man with much more on the people." Turner's \$10 million budget included a 10-per-cent surtax on corporate profits, the removal of the 12-per-cent federal tax on clothing and footwear, and a 10-per-cent tax on the wine and liquor savings plan. The 26th Parliament was

dissolved while 105 Conservatives and 31 oppositionists voted against the 106 Liberals and 55 Social Crediters. In 1926, Lester Pearson's Liberal government lost a confidence motion over budget revisions by accident, but survived. Pearson was told that in January, after resigning the leadership and would be succeeded by Louis St. Laurent. In fact, 48 Liberals were elected, from the House. After losing home, Pearson went on national TV, explained away the defeat as a "hazard of honesty government," and presented a motion that the vote did not really constitute non-confidence. With the help of Social Credit voters, Pearson and the Liberals held on by a 135-118 vote.

In 1953, the vote of a backbench Conservative to oust him and a breakdown in U.S.-Canadian relations. John Diefenbaker lost a non-confidence motion presented by Pearson. The motion dealt with a lack of leadership, a breakdown in cabinet unity, confusion and confusion in national and international affairs. The Social Credit backed a vote, and Diefenbaker's lack of a clear defence policy to arms of confusion. After what has been called Diefenbaker's greatest speech in the House, the Social Credit and all but two seats were voted with the Liberals, and Diefenbaker was ousted by a 142-111 vote.

But the first defeat of a Canadian government was by the most complex—the "hanging" after. Despite losing in his own voting, Mackenzie King through an agreement with the Progressive party, formed a Liberal minority government on Oct. 29, 1926. King then won a seat in a by-election, but only days after Parliament convened a scandal erupted in the cabinet department. The Liberals had a vote of confidence and King asked Governor General Lord Borden for a dissolution (hoping to avoid a costly election) related forced King to resign and asked Conservative party leader Arthur Meighen, with the support of 24 Progressives, to form a government. Meighen named a cabinet of ministers without portfolio (to avoid the necessity of the ministers seeking re-election). Despite a precedent for such a maneuver in New Zealand's Parliament, King's party made a non-confidence motion, claiming Meighen's cabinet to be either illegal or without electoral validity.

On July 2, 1926, Meighen was ousted by one vote—cast by a Progressive who broke from a map and argued that he had been named with an absent Conservative and wasn't supposed to vote. For Clark, and much, it was more clear-cut, but after all, he had been in office longer than Meighen—190 days longer.

Bill Quinn

## Canada

### Two solitudes: a parking ticket and a bitter pill

The sun had still to strip the shimmering St. Lawrence River of its blanket of frost when, at 6:45 Friday morning, the Queen's man in Quebec City signed away Quebec's best, brave thing as a French-only state. When Lieutenant-Governor Jean-François Gauthier gave royal sanction to an emergency bill retroactively rendering official English versions of 311 Quebec laws, he signed both French and English versions—the first time sanction has been given in both languages since August, 1977, when the Parti Québécois government and its Charter of the French Language attempted to make the province officially bilingual.

The short, clumsy era of bilingualism ended with a bitter swallowing of the traditional tuppé offered by the viceroy to the 15th National Assembly members who witnessed the ceremony. There was little cause for rejoicing, even among opposition members. The Supreme Court's striking down of parts of the language charter Thursday was a humiliating blow to the PQ government, but one which Premier René Lévesque will explain with devastating effectiveness in his campaign to lead Quebec out of Confederation.

The National Assembly's all-right sitting to legislate laws it had passed in French-only was a minor inconvenience compared to the mock's nightmare faced by Manicoba, translation into French of all its statutes and regulations passed since 1867, when the province's legislators illegally made English its only official language. The separate but simultaneous Supreme Court of Canada rulings on the Quebec and Manitoba language laws confirmed that there are two classes of provinces: those that can legislate their own linguistic regimes and those that, according to the constitution, have no choice but to be officially bilingual. Quebec's Bilingualism was established by the 1987 British North America Act, and Manitoba's by the federal law giving it provincial status in 1870, both laws are part of the Canadian constitution. Ontario suffers no constitutional requirement to provide services in both languages, even though it has eight times as many francophones as Manitoba. Manitoba's constitutional recognition began almost absent in 1870, when Winnipeg insurance agent



Forest and his lawyer Alain Houss, (below) at angry Lévesque, 'the way to extinction'

Georges Forest fought for the right to be issued a parking ticket in French. Last week the Supreme Court gave him that right by ruling that the equality of French in the province was inevitably entrenched by the Manitoba Act which brought the province into Confederation. Attorney-General Garry Mercer says it could cost the province as much as \$15 million to translate its laws, but beyond that the government appeared to be in a secondary last week as to how it would turn Manitoba's constitutional clock back 80 years—though the province's French speakers now make up only five per cent of the population.

Though the Supreme Court decision in no way diminishes the Quebec law's important requirements that French become the language of business and

advertising, its restoration of English as the official equal of French in government meetings for the Parti Québécois the cause of cultural survival—the glue of the nationalist movement.

Lévesque could only feign his righteous indignation over the decision because, as he admitted Thursday, he knew before the law was adopted that parts of it were probably unconstitutional. "For reasons much more predictable than Manitoba's 1890 plans into unconstitutionality, we decided to take the risk in the interest of protecting the dignity of our society."

In fact, the language law's controversial clauses were planted back in 1877 as a political time bomb which, the government hoped then, would explode on the eve of its independence referendum. David Thomas in Quebec City, Peter Carlyle-Gordon in Winnipeg

## Vancouver

### No action on the used Carr lot

Early Carr would have been a mess. For the past three weeks in British Columbia, the 27 lot for parking has been on the market like a used car. The lot is owned by the province, \$15 million. Investors from the East were met by the provincial commissioning of those wanting to keep the collection in BC. And shows into the main as a Victoria mystery woman apparently willing to donate \$750,000 to help the province purchase the lot. Presiding over all was 27-year-old Karen Kienpuck who, after just two months





Karenlynde: the star of a brilliant taste

as an art-gallery owner, was assigned to sell the collection. With a charming mop of blonde, Shirley Temple hair, a dog (Gus) and a daughter (Sarah), she presides over her plush Karenlynde Gallery on Vancouver's Granville Street, diverting the artist like a slybaiter trader in the pit of a grains exchange.

The 27 Carrs make up the P.E.N. Hall collection owned by reclusive B.C. industrialist George Carr. He decided to unload them after a magazine article on another subject mentioned the works and he began to receive crank calls. Carr gave the assignment to Karenlynde, who had served as the collector's curator for two years. Friendly by Victoria Advertiser Robin Blareau ("It would be a tragedy if this, left the province") and aided by happenings of "patron pressure," Carr lovers prevailed upon Provincial Secretary Brian Walle to make a bid. He offered \$1 million for 18, claiming eight works were similar to others held by the province. The offer was sweetened considerably by a promise of \$700,000 from an anonymous Victoria woman—provided she could keep one of the Carrs. Carr, who wanted to keep the collection together, declined.

Karenlynde, frustrated at the lack of progress, was quoted as scolding the government of "filly-dallying around," saying "We're not talking about used cars, we're talking about a part of our heritage." She later said she had not meant to be quoted.

Like Reinbolt, director of the Vancouver Art Gallery, which owns 128 Carrs, and it would be disappointing but he didn't "see any problem" with the Clark collection leaving the province for another public collection. The post was further stirred when Vancouver writer Maria Trippett, author of a recent

Billy Carr biography, termed the collection "overpriced." She's a terrific art historian, but she has no expertise in the art market; Karenlynde employee Katherine von Schuck countered easily.

Last Friday, just when it appeared that the matter had been resolved, Clark's negotiations with the province broke down. Potential buyers from the East were still sniffing around and the paintings had been moved from the gallery for security reasons. Meanwhile, sitting in his gallery office behind an oak desk the size of a billiard table, Karenlynde reflected on the frantic two months during which she has become Vancouver's most notorious art dealer.

"The art business does have an element of theatre to it," says the Alberta-born dealer. "But if I can get people enthusiastic about art, then I think I'm doing a good job." —Thomas Hodgkins

## Montreal

### 'Tis the season to be doctor

The post office doesn't leave all the opening of artists' picks' mail to the Mounties. Last week in Montreal a squad of five special operators was painstakingly working its way through a pile of some 10,000 letters poured in by eagle-eyed sorters, mostly letters posted in Eastern Canada and even some from foreign countries. Every letter in real and all those having a return address are sent a form reply, many with a personal note added by the letter opener. The letters are all addressed in more or less the same way: Santa Claus, North Pole, Canada. "The whole world knows the North Pole is in

Alaska and a brand no mistake about where all the expensive toys come from

Canada," explains Jacques Filteau, director of public affairs for Quebec Postal Reform.

The no prying squad is all women, with one exception. The regular staffers are strict about avoiding specific premises and they know all about what good shoppers many youngsters are. Requests filed in for the Christmas mail being given the greatest hope on TV this year, but pumpkins frequently enclose clippings from discount catalogues to show Claus where the best bargains are. (One letter asked him to hurry to a store offering a sale price on an elaborate model aircraft carrier that would run his \$125 allowance.) However, when one of the regular squad comes upon a letter that says "Dear Santa, My sister lost her leg in an accident last summer—please, can you help her?" she routes it to Officers for handling by 50-year-old Dr. Leo Bédard, a part-time and volunteer postal agent with specialized training as a child psychiatrist.

How does Bédard reply to a boy begging Santa Claus to bring his dream parents back together again, or a new girl joining in hospital suffering severe burns—or answer a lonely woman begging Santa for help finding a husband? "Honestly," he says "And that's very difficult. I don't want to be in the kids. I don't want to throw in something that sounds religious or moralizing, but at the same time I want to try and make them happy." He laboriously writes a personal reply to each letter, always aware that he may well be responding to a parent as well as the child. He and the post office go to extraordinary lengths to ensure confidentiality: they open Santa's mail but they will disclose only the most general details.

The "problem letters" have amounted to only a few dozen in the past three years since it first occurred to the post office people to call on his services. Dr. Bédard had approached these two years

before that at a time when he was attached to Montreal's St. Justine Hospital and became curious about what letters to Santa might reveal about the fantasy lives of today's children. By now he has studied about 4,000 letters—all with the return addresses carefully removed by the P.O. He feels that the Santa Claus myth is so strong in children that it seldom completely disappears in adults. "Young children today still have fantasies but we tend to discourage this as the growing-up process continues. Educated parents, in particular, have trouble admitting that life has a fantasy element, but it's a basic need for the child—an instinct against the adult world. Maybe the adults most opposed to Santa are the ones most opposed to their own fantasies?" And Bédard occasionally has the feeling that some parents play down Santa Claus because they want the child to make no mistake about whom all those expensive toys really come from.

Bédard finds Santa Claus analogous to the old-fashioned grandfather—someone helpful, always giving, and whose offer of presents have no strings attached. "As parents we simply cannot give completely freely, even if we want to. It's always with the connotation that we expect our kids to be good."

Santa's expert consultant recommends to parents that they follow the reverse of the old maxim and put their mouths where their money is. He says "What has impressed me is that we seem to be spelling our children to teach that they often don't know how to ask for something valuable, such as companionship and love." He advises parents to spend more time and less money on their children, and he uses the annual letter to Santa as an excellent place to start—an opportunity to sit down and discuss what the child really wants and needs. —Bill Mackrill

## Fredericton

### Big bucks for an old fishin' hole

Scooped a game fish in the Atlantic salmon that, even in this day of diminished fish stocks and a troubled economy, affluent anglers continue to spend small fortunes to pursue it in Eastern Canadian rivers. That was simply illustrated in Fredericton one day last week when a round crew of businessmen, dark-suited lawyers and cardigan-sweatered fishing-lodge operators gathered for the ultimate in provincial gamefish: an auction of wild Atlantic salmon. Starting from an opening bid of \$2,500, the bidding quickly climbed to \$250 increments until Grand

Domain's Fisheries and what operators hunting and fishing lodges across North America. Starting from an opening bid of \$2,500, the bidding quickly climbed to \$250 increments until Grand



Successful bidder Tom Fishman, 30 hours and numbered bids in a glass fishbowl

Domain's Fisheries and what operators hunting and fishing lodges across North America.

This isn't the only way people get to fish for salmon in the province: other parts of the river can be leased outright, or are open to the public, or are available to holders of three-day permits which the government grants annually in a public draw. But so desirable are the stretches offered at the periodic auctions that the event attracts well-to-do individual fishermen, clubs, owners of fishing lodges—even corporations, which like to entertain business clients in opulent riverside digs.

It was moving as this year's auction began, a long meteorological cast from the plumed salmon pools of summer, but inside Fredericton's tiny St. Playhouse Theatre the humid atmosphere was entirely appropriate for an event that would soon see thousands of dollars change hands. Minimum starting or "base" prices—note lower than \$2,500—had been established on the basis of previous bids and angling statistics for each of the 30 fishing holes up for grabs. And after carefully explaining the rules (these were for 10 years, and the "base" price an annual rental added to a five-per-cent yearly increase), auctioneers Tim Sifton and Jo as Paul Robb had begun the bidding, low-key process of letting other fishermen put their money where their dreams are.

The first two stretches, drawn from numbered balls in a glass fishbowl, attracted only single bidders and consequently sold for the upset prices of \$2,500 and \$11,250 respectively. But on the third piece of water offered, an intense bidding struggle erupted between a Fredericton group and an outfit called Grand Domain's Fisheries, which operates hunting and fishing lodges across North America. Starting from an opening bid of \$2,500, the bidding quickly climbed to \$250 increments until Grand

Domain's finally capitulated at \$12,500 as the price went to "You have to love fishing," admitted Fredericton lawyer Bill Fenton, while Jack Cole of the diminished Grand Domain phoned in: "If the economy holds up, we're disappointed. If it does what we expect it to, it'll be a blessing."

The highest price of the day, \$26,700, was paid, not surprisingly, by the sons of New Brunswick industrialist R.C. Irving for a 2.8-km stretch of the Restigouche River. They got it unopposed. The unopposed bidders were members of the Restigouche Salmon Club, a militant sportsman's group founded in New York in 1880, which still favors the old spelling of the river's name. They lost a coveted piece of the Restigouche to Maine fishermen Tom Fishman—who won at \$16,000, or nearly twice the upset price.

By the final fall of the year the New Brunswick government had harvested \$150,000 in annual revenue, a figure that will have grown to \$225,000 by the time the leases expire in 1988. Not bad for two hours' work—and a far cry from the first auction in 1963 when the take was just \$2,775. —David Feldner

## Correction

The Dec. 17 issue of *Blackout* included an erroneous chairman's column. From a report by The Canadian Press, that Don Campbell, campaign chairman for the Social Credit party in the May 16 B.C. election, had named a memorandum among several concrete candidates to sue some of the tactics described on the so-called "dirty-breaks" issue. The statement was attributed to former Social Credit member Ellen Mackay. In fact, Mackay did not say the memo made any reference to the tapes, which advised party workers to use fictitious names as letters of support to newspaper editors. Rather, the memo discussed telephone letters to newspapers and telephone calls to radio hosts to abuse

## The good life —or the pits

### The Patient's Pleasure

It must be said simply as a public heart-  
break, but to the people of Makkovik it  
was a life and death trial—and so  
many of them it did not appear to be  
fair trial. Makkovik, a village of about  
200 people, is a small settlement  
stretched along the north shore of a  
narrow wooded bay halfway up the  
coast of Labrador. The residents lost,  
by central Canadian standards, a  
sporting life. Most of them live off the  
land by hunting, trapping, hunting and  
trapping. But it is a way of life that is  
always known and one that they would  
like to preserve. They believe, however,  
that their lifestyle is threatened by a  
proposal to develop a double-ott  
uranium mine, one 50 and the other less  
than 100 miles away. The mine is  
driven here when four plane loads of  
ore are descended upon the village.

Makovich was one of five steps across Labrador for a potentially approving commission hearing arguments for and against the uranium project over the past fortnight. The same prospect in the past is a series of steps by British Columbia, where the project was first approved in the mid-1960s and late 1960s. Enrichment in the mining division of British Columbia, which built the mighty Churchill Falls hydroelectric project in the heart of Labrador, 300 miles south of Makovich. Previous British Columbia uranium projects have been formally launched for a variety of reasons, most related to the mining or the economy. This latest plan, though, appeared headed for full approval until local residents, various native groups and the United Nations Environment Programme shared their concerns. The Labrador voters then demanded strong opposition and decreased a judicial inquiry along the lines of the Berger commission hearings on the Mackenzie Valley pipeline. The United Church went so far as to demand a Labrador referendum on whether the \$300-million project should go ahead. The elders, the miners and the government have to solve with the government's plan to hold non-judicial public hearings.

So it was that on a crisp winter morning ( $-20^{\circ}\text{C}$ ), perhaps three dozen parka-clad white settlers and Inuit found themselves sitting at the rear of a large community hall. At the front of the hall on a raised stage were the three

Mikavola poliwanka, animal behavior, insect deep breaths while the air is clear

communism—Chairman Clarence Powell, retired head of the province's public utilities board, Hadson Davis, a retired school board superintendent, and Francis Buckle, an Anglican clergyman from Happy Valley-Goose Bay. Below the table at front-center sat a battery of Bronx employees and consultants rattily clad in polyester slacks.

and chic ski sweaters. To one side were government officials in suits and ties; on the other side, in jeans and sweaters, the representatives of the three major groups opposed to the mine—the Labrador Resources Advisory Council, the Labrador Inuit Association and the Nunavut Montserrat Inuit Association.

Happy Valley Geosec Bros., 168 miles to the north and lying well inland on tide water Lake Melville, the discussions were largely technical and moral—Brunner plans siting its ammonia to Commonwealth Edison, a firm that operates seven 1,150-megawatt power plants in Illinois. In Mankovsk, Brinco Vice President Jan O'Rourke denounced the "disorderly" talk of opposition groups as "philosophies outside the terms of reference of these hearings intended only to scare the public. Brinco can assure you that an operation which will be clean, efficient and safe." The question of construction factors to be discussed in Mankovsk, he felt, were the social implications the mine would have on the region.

The remarks agreed—but they disagreed with Breznev's transience that the impact would be negligible. One of them, Ted Anderson, is a 49-year-old contractor who has lived in Minskovich all his life and three of whose children have stayed in Minskovich. "I believe if Latvians are going to play a part in controlling their own economy they're going to have to learn to be businessmen," Anderson told the meeting. He said he felt local control was necessary because outsiders would simply take the money and go home. Finally, he declared, "This isn't a specific hearing, it's really a trial. What's on trial is our way of life."

The "fish" heard that while the two men were at Kitts and the other at Mobsby—will be 16 and 56 miles inland from Madsbekk, most of the 350 workers will be hired from Hager Valley-Groose Bay. There will be roads from the mine to Madsbekk or Porterville, another coastal community which Brown insists will isolate the mine and ensure the residents are unaffected. The stranding are filled, or into into "yellowstone," will be packed into drums and trucked 180 miles south to Hager Valley-Groose Bay on the only road Brown plans to build, then shipped out by sea. Lake Mobsby, at the head of a long inlet from the sea, is ice-free five to six months a year.

Roads seem little to eastern Labradorians who get around more easily winter than summer, thanks to their snowmobiles. The mice will be only as hard to find as Makkovik. At the very least, residents worry that the development will affect hunting patterns and possibly destroy traplines. It takes years to re-establish a trapline if the animals' behavior patterns are abruptly changed.

The contamination dangers also worry Haddock. Another resident objected that leachings from the mill at the mine site will be radioactive for 250,000 years. Brown experts agreed, but argued that its pond and dam system for



*Arabis* is native all the way to

holding the savings will be safe. O'Hanrahan claimed all the residents' questions were answered in the reports already available, but Margaret Robinson, wife of the local Marathon elementary, didn't agree. "The environmental impact statement is full of words like 'would,' 'could' and 'should,' but rarely do we get explanations of the detailed procedures . . . If there's no chance for a spill, why does Bessis, in the addendum report, specify it will be responsible for any spill damage?"

Brown told the hearings that the mine will bring Labrador nothing but advantages. O'Meara said "The project will improve the Labrador economy. It will add to the gross provincial product. Everybody will benefit." But Ted Anderson insisted "Brown has everything to gain by this project. Labrador has everything to lose."

He said that if the game goes ahead, the Labrador way of life will be all gone. "Take a deep breath while our air is clean. And have a good meal of birds and caribou because it may not be too long before the government has signs up telling you the water is unsafe to drink and not fit for swimming in, or that it's not safe to eat the fish. What will we do then?"

With the hearings ended, the "trial" is over, save the verdict. The three-man commission must now decide between the traditional lifestyle on the relatively unspoiled coast of LaBreda, and the hunger for power in the heavily industrialized northeastern United States. Their report is expected in February. ☐

**If it's noon, this must be P.E.I.**

The Council of Maritime Provinces is proposing that the Maritime provinces be made into Quebec and Ontario nights—by another hour. Energy watchers claim that by extending Daylight Saving Time by eight weeks, divided between spring and fall, the added hour a day of sunlight could save the region kilowatts an electrically during the "power rush hours" of 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. Maritime Electric Company Ltd. General Manager John Rounis says that PEI's state "has to maintain a

Traffic safety experts point to the decrease in accidents and fatalities in the U.S. where similar time adjustments have been made to extend daylight to cover the evening rush hour. The council is expected to

**PREVIEW**

decide during its final meeting in late January, but indications are that if agreement is reached the actual time change won't occur until fall. Unless the rest of Canada decides to accept the so-called *energy saving time*, the Maritime provinces for eight weeks of the year could be two hours ahead of Quebec and Ontario instead of one. Teleview networks say this two-hour difference may lead to some scheduling problems, but especially it is a matter of adjusting programming for a two-hour differential instead of the customary one (TV in Newfoundland).

The only wisp in the firm schedule is that if doesn't do anything to ease the December supply peak when glowing fires and roasting turkeys put the power generators under full load. In the spring and fall staggered work hours and increased energy conservation could help ease the supply—but to beat the holiday rush, Christmas would have to be held in July.

John Hammer

# Business

## Strange bedfellows

By Peter Gault-George

Conrad Sanford Riley smiles contentedly from his top-floor chair in an office in the gleaming new Canadian Indemnity Group building on Winnipeg's Portage Avenue. At 63, he is, ahead, shy and curiously nervous. "Oce," as he's known to his friends, has about him an air of slow, steady dignity, a presence that speaks experience, refined values. One can almost smell the money on his breath.

Village life is a member of the Toronto and Manitoba clubs and a director of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. Then, the family empire: Canadian Indemnity Group, Dominion Tanners Sales Corporation Ltd. and United Canadian Shares Limited, a holding company for Canadian Indemnity. Riley and his family own 76 per cent of each company and Riley himself is president or chairman of them all. For most of his life, Riley has been a businessman steeped in tradition and conservatism, even though one of the "connections"—and a nephew at that—is no less than Conrad Black, the daring young Toronto businessman already famous for his corporate takeovers.

Bill, Con has the NRE, and a wife, Frances, who keeps him ever closer to the establishment. Her great-grandfather was Manitoba's first lieutenant-governor. His own father and grandfather (whose rolling stock now adorns Manitoba Industries' fleet) were businessmen of substance, members of the Winnipeg commercial aristocracy which included Richardson, Ashdown, Bennett and others. The Rileys, in short, have roots.

With that, there is certain difference between the family and an equal relationship about political involvement. Riley is most at home with a corporate boardroom and it is not adverse to a challenge. Last year he made a bid to acquire Winnipeg's Metrolink Life Assurance Co. but finally dropped out, ceding the prize to his sister's CIBC World Capital Corporation, whose \$15 billion was higher than Riley was willing to pay. Riley prides himself on being a realist. He is also a Prince Patrick and has



Dominion Tanners factory, (right) Riley smiling the village money on his behalf

million Tanners Ltd., with expected sales this year of \$40 million and a staff of 450 at branches in Winnipeg, Toronto, Edmonton and Vancouver. When he bought the company in 1975 from shareholders it had sales of a mere \$750,000. Today it sells hide across North Amer-

ica and in Europe, much of its product ending up as shoes and work-boats. Solid things, like him. The other string to his successful bow, Canadian Indemnity, a general insurance company, last year had sales of \$185 million and employs 800 across Canada and the U.S.

Riley readily agrees that there could hardly be stranger bedfellows than cowhide and insurance. "That's why we're merging," Dominion Tanners Sales Corporation Ltd., Dominion Tanners Ltd. and United Canadian Shares Limited (which owns Canadian Indemnity) will be rolled into one under the new United Canadian Shares Corporation Ltd. The fusion, besides streamlin-



ing his own holdings and operations, will provide shareholders of the new company with two streams of earnings. If the weather gets rough in leather, insurance will make a rare stabler, and vice versa. "After all these years I've decided to put all the balls in one basket," says Riley. "The assumption will also give a bigger main base and that makes it easier to borrow more money to expand. The new company will also be publicly traded, which will make things easier. Dominion Tanners is now private and all of our money is in their shares they usually have to place me since I'm the major shareholder."

Clearly, from somewhere over the horizon, Riley hears corporate paper calling and is anxious to broaden his orchestra and improve the box-office returns. The recruits will almost certainly come from insurance partners, though leather will continue to pay its well-earned way. "I think the future for leather is good and we'll move with Canada," he reflects. "Industry hasn't kept up and there'll always be a market for good leather. No one's going bankrupt." Including, one hardly needs add, Conrad Sanford Riley, 63, who

Column

## A serious flaw to debate in the cold campaign that's coming up

By Rodnick McQueen

"Meet Ralph Smith," the Ottawa Conservative was saying just before the fall last week as he introduced his friend around, adding proudly, "He's a right winger." Smith smiled graciously, accepting the label. He was just one among many of the capital's new breed who have been broadcasting a free-market economic view from within while, from without, the government appeared to back substance. Indeed, May 22 was a platform of change,

during much of its seven months it changed neither the paper words nor the political axes left behind by the previous administration.

That frontier with summer marked the resignation of Gerald (Right Back) Bony as governor of the Bank of Canada as did the announcement (during the same week Bony received his pay on the head and two leaps of support this \$75 trillion value free of federal gas would be paid by an unimpaired sale to the United States. Tell me how long the prime has been gone. Usually, a public shows any new government some time for honey-moon jags. It looked, for a time, as if this marriage wouldn't even be consummated. Like too many previous administrations, the daily game played was defenseless with precise directions on energy, goods and interest rates coming from the U.S. Being led around by a nose ring may be embarrassing, but it sure doesn't make for tough decisions-making.

Until last week's budget, in that state of the relations adoration, the Clark government finally demonstrated that it could indeed master his substance. Even in the grim face of a growing recession in the U.S., Prime Minister Clark's budget finally abandoned the familiar Canadian tradition of over-generous spending in good times to offset hard times in the next United, he chose a courageous new course, although it took a triple jump worthy of Tiger Crockett to make some better-known Canadian names, regrettably, the \$2-billion tax cut, Bill de Cote's mysterious stimulative deficit and lower interest rates. Now he'll keep them guessing with all of old as

they bite at the Feb. 18 budget with a budget bear hug which marks a fundamental shift in Canada's economic direction. From his lips lies to his measured tone, Crockett has declared himself and his colleagues to be non-conformist radicals along the lines of Britain's Iron Maiden, Margaret Thatcher, or the strident Raymond Barre of France. The other lesson Crockett learned from Europe, where gas costs \$3.56 a gallon, is that people will pay just about any price for home, life and gas. It's an exported thought,



that's just about as welcome as Dutch aid during and now it is spreading just as quickly.

Increased revenue was needed because Crockett intended to back at the huge deficits piled up in previous times as money flowing on extended money flows in by some 20 per cent. Quarterly, Ottawa spills more in an afternoon than most cities drink in a month. In his demands, Crockett hit at business, too, with a crash to ease from doubled energy costs (and the stamping auto sales to follow), higher unemployment insurance premiums, a five-per-cent income tax surcharge and growing demands from employees who are inflation-baked for 21 per cent next year. True, the knee-bake budget contained devices that urged Canadian investment in Canadian companies through a new regional development program, bonds for small business and measures for those who watch over their stocks by

right, but the sum of it might have been an aggressive war. There may not have been sufficient incentive to encourage the viable hand at the private sector to replace the vanishing hand of government.

And therein lies the flaw that must be debated during the coming campaign. The announced Progressive Conservative plan to withdraw from the country's economy, by allowing government expenditures to grow by only 8.1 per cent in 1980-81 (exclusive of public debt charges) could have a paralyzing impact on a mixed economy such as Canada's whose reliance on the bottomless public purse has been constant ever since the Lachine Canal was taken over by Lower Canada in 1855. This recent Tory withdrawal could have the same paralyzing effect as if some day's only industry announced there would be no new jobs, no increase in local purchases, no expansion until who knows when. Succumbing small businesses or retail stores might continue to grow and prosper but they would be more likely to hunker down and protect their assets until the wind blows warm again.

Further, while increasing energy prices forced world levels in the current move, because it generates revenue to feed the deficit and tends to somewhat dampen demand, it will mean a cash surge to the western nations as producing provinces which will mean an earnings bonus within seven days. The provinces would have scored \$40 billion, more than twice as much as the federal government's \$22-billion share. In addition to this strain or exasperation, it could also precipitate a constitutional dilemma for the decade or so ahead. The provinces will be under the strain of debate that will be hammering Canadians for as long.

Even so, this economic shift urged by Crockett's move more than likely offers potential success, not political success, for its authors who are now right-minded in their campaign to bring the country from boardroom to bonfire. The budget was the right first-year gamble. Too bad there were only 68 hours left.

# Rumors of a ring of terror

By Andrew Borowiec

**A** first they were killed as religious fanatics, led by a local dropout from Nore's religious establish-ment. But they always seemed too numerous and well organized—several hundred strong, armed with hand grenades, sub-machine-guns and food for a long siege—to justify that label. And last week, as Saudi Arabia once more reeled upward (to 80) the death toll from the siege of the Grand Mosque, reports in London and Washington persisted in claiming that the terrorists



Warmthup at the Grand Mosque (above), Crown Prince Fahd (left) and the suspected terrorists, a "ring" for modernity

were part of a much more sinister conspiracy.

In London, the *Observer* noting that the terrorists comprised Egyptians, Moroccans, Kuwaitis and Pakistanis, as well as Saudis and Yemenis, reported that Arab leaders were haunted by the fear that they were part of a new clandestine, international organization with its roots in Islamic fundamentalism.

In Washington, intelligence sources stressing that politics are inseparable from religion in the Muslim world, said the Saudis had launched an interna-

tional inquiry to \$10 in the terrorist's backgrounds. They said that Saudi security forces were known to be working with Egypt and other conservative Middle East nations on formation of a joint intelligence service to long into radicals, and revealed that in both Syria and Saudi Yemen governments had been overthrown by such forces in recent years. One fear is that Egypt as well as Saudi Arabia may be the new aggressor, but last President Anwar Sadat's rapprochement with Israel and his repression of religious and political opposition have made him a easy target.

It will probably be some time before exact details are available about the siege of the mosque, which the Saudi authorities have consistently played

## Twisting arms to tighten the screws

**W**hile U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and his party publicly pro-claimed opinion polls were about Canadian support for sanctions, there were indications that U.S. allies had considerable no reservations about their and other aspects of President Jimmy Carter's effort to tighten the economic screws on Iran.

It so, however, it was not for lack of trying. As Vance harried through London, Paris, Rome, Spain and Brussels—visiting External Affairs Minister Peter Macdonald and stopping Japanese Foreign Minister Saito Goro for Japan's "outstanding" support in Iran—U.S. Secretary Harold Brown was lobbying his own country. In a new approach for his allies and friends to reflect its disapproval through concrete diplomatic and economic steps. In the Hague, Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti was successfully arguing the U.S. case before the World Court and there were suggestions that unless the Saudis were sufficiently shaken by the weekend departure of the ship for Panama to release the 53 hostages, the U.S. would turn to the United Nations with a formal demand for sanctions this week.

Everyone there were for public state-

ments (they several times announced it was over before the hostages were snatched out of the labyrinth of cellars). But it was regarded as significant that such headlines coincided with reports of arrest against the country's minority Shi'ite Muslim population (most of whom are Shi'ite, 100,000 of whom are concentrated in the kingdom's eastern province, which produces most of the oil and is at present the object of a \$80-billion crash development program).

The arrest in the East and the seizure of the Grand Mosque have suddenly underscored the potential danger threatening a country on which much Western strategy in the Arab world is built. For years, American experts considered Saudi Arabia "the safest land on earth," sheltered by its own particular version of the Muslim faith and held in the iron grip of a vast royal family which has 4,000 male heirs. Yet similar views were held about Iran only a year before the downfall of the Shah.

Like Iran, Saudi Arabia is a country whose road going toward a modern consumer society has been watched with dawning and frequently with resentment by its sparse population of between five and seven million. And while its image abroad is that of a country with money to burn, its royal rulers appear to have lost control of the petrodollar income.

months in support at the expense of the hostages. But on the more serious question of sanctions, affidavits were at least initially lawless. The British ambassador in Washington said publicly what only were making in private. That President [see page 28] had done quite nicely for a decade after the US turned the screws on. Our experience is that for these things to be effective they must be universal. He said Robert Canada's Global Minister Alan McKinnon. Canada would have no problem supporting if it call for sanctions provided the other nations do. We wouldn't want to be the only country supporting it.

A de facto embargo on exports to Iran has been already in effect for some time because of last month's U.S. decision to freeze Iranian assets. The move was taken at the time as necessary to counter Iranian threats to withdraw the \$8 billion in funds on deposit in U.S. banks. But it also had the effect of disrupting Iranian bank accounts, with Iran unable to wire cheques on its American bank accounts, some exporters feared they would not be paid and so stopped shipments.

It has been difficult to judge the embargo's impact. Because Iran has a ready flow of new cash from the sale of oil, it can probably still pay for the things it is buying. It might—such from the private oil market—over who should take where—to send Ali Raza Nobari, governor of its central bank, to Europe to source a footstep.

The current five-year plan is ending to the tune of a staggering \$142 billion. It has transformed cities into empires of high-rises. It has built ports, airports, desalination plants and electric power lines. But it has not transformed the mentality of a country whose religion, at base, is incompatible with the ways of Western know-how.

In only 40 years it was the country's rulers had to persuade the oil-powered clergy that telephones and cars were not evil. Now the Saudis, only a short while ago the majority of the population, are being grouped around brand-new hospitals, schools and municipal centres, their growing literacy and the educated balance sheet in addition, hundreds have drifted to the cities, where relatives of strangers represent an alien concept.

The omnipresent Islam in Muslim societies has been fuelled by the fact that it is foreigners—nearly two million of them—who are getting paid with Saudi

money for carrying out most of those massive development projects. The fact that the native population is being showered with benefits under the country's oil-fuelled welfare state is not regarded as compensation.

Indeed, the debate over how the oil wealth should be used and the spending patterns it generates is said to reach right into the royal establishment, where it is causing rifts. The ultimate paradox is that the Saudi government and the shrewd clergy with whom it is closely linked exist to preserve the status quo. So while Crown Prince Fahd, who actually runs the country, believes in more progress, Prince Abdullah, who heads the internal guard, feels that Saudi Arabia cannot and should not spend more money.

The royal rulers are attracting controversy in other ways, too. It has not gone unnoticed that while they live soberly within the walls of their lavish apartments and villas at desert, con-



Iranian banker Mostafa Jafar and Crown Prince Fahd (right) consult at the Brussels NATO meeting a step for Japan

the U.S. freeze Iranian assets.

Some non-American banks in the syndicate were dissatisfied by the sweeping payments at Chase Manhattan to release Rockefeller's bank, which looks after the deposited cash in Iran, was accused of acting at the behest of the U.S. government and not according to normal banking principles. And while the declaration of default was allowed to stand many of the same banks decided not to invoke "close-down" clauses on other loans to Iranian agencies.

Probably many European bankers and politicians are wondering over U.S. assertions that its assets frozen is exorbitant. They have been reassured at public only because they are even more appalled by Iran's lawlessness. That doesn't mean they would not try to invest in an economy now regarded that, however, a word that even Saudi financiers couldn't look back to the West.

Jan Duguid

members of the watchdog organisations of the "committee for the encouragement of virtue and discouragement of vice". They drank out while abroad. Stories of gambling and womanising in the capitals of the West lost nothing in the telling in the tavern and village back home. And last week there was more of the embodiment of all that was evil of old re-ensured.

Foreign policy issues are equally controversial. Saudi Arabia supports the Palestinian cause and recognises the OIC yet continues to buy arms and technical know-how from the U.S., which is Israel's main ally. With time that may become a major issue.

The future seems to depend on several factors. One of them is the degree of tribal support for religious stirrings. Another is the course of Islam as a world-study after Iran's religious revolution. Yet another is the question of whether Saudi Arabia should continue to humiliate the United States and pump \$5 billion barrels of oil a day. It is in any case descending an economic peril far deeper on. Last week the Saudis added like a barrel to the press of their oil in advance of this week's OPEC meeting.

More and more Saudis feel that their "black gold" should remain under the desert, which covers 98 per cent of the kingdom, until they can better digest the doubtful blessings generated by petromoney. And as the mud on the Grand Mosque dries, there may be outsiders who are eager to help them inside that desiccation.

With His Icon  
William Lorchner in Washington

## Zimbabwe Rhodesia

### Lord Soames takes the helm

As the aircraft began its descent through heavy cloud over Salisbury, the small crowd at the airport was suddenly hushed. The terminal independence, in typical British order, was announced simply: "The Royal Air Force wishes to announce the arrival of Asst 1175 from London Heathrow." But for the crowd, the VC-10, when it appeared, was a striking sight.

Its arrival represented what amounted to an end to Rhodesia's 14-year crisis. On board was Lord Soames, son-in-law of Winston Churchill, who assumed all executive, legislative and military authority over the troubled territory the minute he set foot on the runway. The most marked of the stranger's rebellious in Britain began in November, 1965, by former game minister Ian Smith who, at the end, could not bring himself to greet the man who repre-

sented the ultimate British in-kinding: detachment of a national independence. Soames's mission followed 13 weeks of sensitive negotiations in London between the British, the Rhodesian government of Bishop Abel Muzorewa, and the Patriotic Front guerrilla movement. Impatient to end a settlement, the Front balked at ceasefire arrangements which even British defence ministry advisers were said to have considered unfair—Britain's Lord Carrington pulled the ultimate bluff and dispatched Soames anyway. But, after seven other internationally sponsored settlement efforts, many Rhodesians were still skeptical about this one, especially as at the weekend the cease-fire was not fully implemented.

Technically, with Soames's presence, the British assumed responsibility for the Rhodesian side of the war against the Patriotic Front—a delicate situation for two reasons. First, if the Tanzanian and Mozambique governments—which host the insurgents—continued

to ally or by force. But authorities pushed their past by cordoning off the area, searching everyone, including children, and arresting the organizer—Joshua Nkomo's representative in Salisbury, Gephu Mupfema.

A more welcome development, which caused a greater rush of relief than the political settlement in London, was the lifting of sanctions by the British. Perhaps symbolically, the first impact was a satellite telephone hookup, linking Rhodesians with the outside world. In addition, several trade delegations—from Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Japan—dipped into town. The Rhodesia Broadcasting Corporation was besieged by foreign networks trying to get TV programs and equipment and the ministry of mines drew up a list of 1,300 dormant gold workings which was immediately snatched up by corporations and individuals in search of a new Eldorado.

Yet there remained a nervousness. Officials of the former government feared it will take up to 10 years to reconstruct the war-ravaged countryside and



Soames reviewing former guard after his arrival in Salisbury with English troops.

crippled economy. And Bill Gross spokesman said that of seven blacks in a war sector, requiring significant rehabilitation. The largest question mark in the minds of both blacks and whites, however, is what happens after the internationally supervised elections and the accession to power of the country's first internationally accepted black government. There is little confidence that black radicals—either political or tribal—can be avoided.

Robin Wright

### Three strikes but he's in

Not since the civil war 60 years earlier had the Irish Dail (Parliament) associated with such bitter enmities. Those who sought to break the violent debates in these things got out of hand. Last week no gun was to be seen, but one could almost see the cordite fumes as, six hours the new prime minister, Charles Haughey, sat in the Dail and a large delegation of Irish politicians and members of the Fine Gael Opposition leader Garret FitzGerald charged that Haughey, the former health minister, had a "broad political and another member, Noel Cross, expressed his view of Haughey's 'political' as he was allowed to get his hands on 'real' power. And inspiring the unopposed victory of the Opposition's attack, deputy Opposition leader John Kelly quoted the 19th-century Irish statesman Edmund Burke: "An event has happened upon which it is difficult to speak and impossible to stay silent." That event was the selection of Haughey as prime minister following Jack Lynch's abrupt resignation.

The main grounds for the charge that Haughey was unstable for the post were his indecision in a governing role in 1970, when Ulster's troubles had just erupted and the Catholics were under siege by the Protestant majority. Following the uncovering of an attempt to export arms to the north through Dublin, Lynch sacked Haughey and another minister



President Patrick Hillery (left) presents the seal of office to Haughey, police chief.

charging them with involvement. Haughey said that for conspiracy and although acquitted, seemed to have compromised inevitably his political career.

Appointments can prove decisive, however. In the following year Haughey fought his way back to prominence, becoming health minister in July, 1977, and making it clear that his eyes were set on the leadership. And it was his comeback that was seen only the opposition for its second change against him, pointing to social Lynch.

Whatever the truth of the charges—Haughey's supporters vigorously denied them—the debate confirmed the new premier as the most divisive figure in Irish politics. As it was not a reassuring thought for the politicians in Ulster and London. While British ministers forwarded directly along, there was no second will that he had that Haughey would destroy the stability achieved on operation between the two governments against the six and push for

eventual British withdrawal from Ireland, thus ending an Ulster settlement harder to achieve.

In the eyes of many back home, however, the most disturbing mark against him was the fact that no more than three of his cabinet colleagues voted for him as premier. Haughey was saved to power by a back-bench revolt in the governing Fianna Fail party. With an election less than two years away, and the grip of his name as 20 of them losing their seats, the backbenchers thought Haughey the man to hold the government's disastrous slump in popularity—bought on by the high prices of social issues and a spate of labor disputes.

Last week, as answer to his demands for quick action, Haughey moved immediately to streamline the cabinet structure, giving more prominence to energy and he led a crushing telecommunications system. Undoubtedly it is not his capacity to take decisive action that raises doubts. He may make the truth run on time, said one critic, "but we could pay a heavy price for stability." **Brendan Kennan**

## France

### A hasty end to a smashing debut

As diplomats to debate, it had been a star turn. In Paris on her first official state visit since taking office a day after her 54th birthday last June, External Affairs Minister Flora MacDonald had barely stepped off the plane at Charles de Gaulle Airport when she was greeted by the usually somber French daily Le Monde with a splash of hearts and flowers: "A woman's touch in the division of the Third World," it lauded in its two-column profile welcoming her, and the next reviews continued.

French Foreign Minister Jean François-Poncet—clearly a fan from their five previous meetings at the United Nations and Tokyo summit—was down the steps of the Quai d'Orsay to embrace her and ended their two days of talks with a flourish, saluting her as



Flora greets a warm welcome from Franco-Pontet, undersecretary for international affairs.

"my sister." Another Quai official warmly noted her as "certainly more charming than Mrs. Thatcher." By the time she climbed out of the Hotel Crillon, no one could accuse with MacDonald's own assessment—that relations between France and Canada

"couldn't be better than they are today."

With that, she flew off to Brussels for the NATO ministerial meetings which approved the deployment of an updated nuclear strike force in Western Europe by 1983 and secured another bit. Hailed by Secretary-General Joseph Luns as the first female minister to greet the chambers of the military officials, she





was of Seyoon's right hand. And neurologist Robert Tervit, who had vivid visions of the fight, was even more specific in placing the blame squarely on the shoulders of swept-rampage medician Clarend Derby. "In the ninth round, I saw where the fight should have been stopped. In the 10th round, I saw a man killed in front of my eyes. It was a preventable tragedy."

The two fight physicians, one a pediatrician, the other a urologist, themselves admitted that they were not properly qualified to spot the kind of serious bruising injury that could lead to disability or death. More disturbingly, they confessed that they had not actually seen the damaging blows' losses absorbed in the sixth round, having been diverted by crowd noise and photographers' flash equipment. One of the two qualified that his between-round medical check of Clarend Derby contained the possibility of asking the 20-year-old fighter if he wanted to continue.

Beyond that shoddy performance, Goodman's inquiries revealed some questionable practices by the State Athletic Commission itself. The com-

mmission had failed to check Clarend's statements that he had lost his last fight, an Oct. 9 bout in London's Albert Hall, when the referee stopped the contest because of facial cuts and profuse bleeding. In actual fact, Clarend had been knocked out in the second round by British middleweight Terry Skinn and neither Clarend nor his manager, Marco Minato, bothered to mention that the fighter, suffering from double vision, had been told to go to Moorfield Eye Hospital after the fight but had refused to do so. Subsequently Clarend also experienced bouts of nausea and dizziness.

In addition to comprehensive pre-fight medicals for fighters, neurological training for rampage physicians and more thorough checks into fighters' backgrounds, Goodman wants his commission to look into the licensing of boxing managers. At present, anyone can get a license in New York state for a \$5 fee plus a \$10 charge for fingerprinting

and a doctor's examination. "Fifty per cent of the managers we've had don't meet the minimum standards on balance," admitted Madison Square Garden matchmaker Gil Clasen. But that was didn't stop Clasen from agreeing to Minato's repeated entreaties to put Clarend on the Garden card.

Finding fighters of proven quality has been a constant problem for promoters since the popularity of boxing was renewed by the victories of the American team at the 1976 Montreal Olympics. With networks now televising fights in prime time, the games in progress are proportionately, many gyms are filled with punching bags such as Willie Clasen.

An ex-convict, Willie Clasen, had never been able to support his family on his ring earnings. He worked as a supermarket guard and the spectre of poverty was with him to the end. Moorman had to wait several hours at the church before serious hush. The mortician would not release Willie's body until the family had scraped together enough money for a down payment on the casket.

Rita Christopher



McCord meeting press, near mystery

many bargains do—as the night of the break-in and that instead of putting lock on the back to the burglar, entry door in a way that wouldn't really be seen. McCord placed it honorably across the latch.

Tracing the chronology of the crime, Houghton found that it took McCord nearly 10 minutes to get from a waiting post across the street to the Wakegate. When McCord said he was checking the taped

doors (leaving the face was still there), he was clearly lying because a Wakegate security guard had already discovered the tape and removed it. Houghton says he thinks that McCord may have actually been conferring with Russell about the operation.

More evidence that McCord's foul-up was deliberate comes from the contradictory testimony by Hunt about proceeding with the mission once the burglar had discovered that the tape was missing. McCord had said that he had to discover the others from going ahead, but Hunt has said that McCord was all for going on with the plan.

There are several reasons that McCord's word had been accepted on many aspects of Wakegate. After the burglary, Hunt in 1973, McCord wrote a letter to Judge John Lewis, according to Houghton, alleging "among other things, perjury and cover-up." He became, says Houghton, a kind of a hero. But Houghton suggests McCord may have had a different motive for blowing the White House cover-up. It suggests that McCord, "playing the part of agent provocateur," led his associates into a trap. McCord may have been employed by someone who wanted the espionage mission bungled in order to get off Hook. When it looked like the White House cover-up was working, he had to work in secret.

Says Houghton, "McCord's role as agent provocateur raises more questions than I have answers for. It was a double agent for whom was he working? And why was it necessary for the break-in to be exposed?" So far, he hasn't found the answers.

Catherine Fox

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PHIL LITTLE

## Brill: high jumping around sex and drugs

At the Munich Olympics in 1972 the image of Canada's high-jumping sweetheart **Bobbie Brill** was tainted by rumors that the inventor of the "Brill Bend" was doing drugs. Brill played cupid, and dropped out of sports "I started experimenting, trying all the things kids try," says Brill. "Like getting drunk, different drugs, going out with guys, sex and everything." Now 26, Brill is basking down for the Moscow Olympics and set a Canadian high-jump record of six feet, six inches last August in Montreal. Brill is in full training in her home town of Burnaby, B.C., and she and the Canadian Track and Field Association have been sued by a \$30,000 donation from Gladys K. Woodward, chairman of the board of Woodward Stern Ltd. in Montreal for the "donation." Brill has been meeting and greeting shoppers at Woodward's sports departments.

Can sex become a hobby? Not according to David Day, author of *The Tolstoy Bonanza*, a best-selling guide to J.R.R. Tolkien's Frodo-bagat fantasy kingdom. "There's no sex in Tolkien," contends the 39-year-old former poet from Vancouver Island who finds Tolkien fascinating nevertheless. They got the idea for a comprehensive guide to "Middle-earth" almost two years ago when he was an editor at McClelland and Stewart publishing company, but that bond turned down the idea. In England, they found success with best-

seller specialist **Mitchell Benzel** (*The Joy of Sex*). So far the *Benzels* have sold 100,000 copies in its first worldwide printing and Day has earned \$108,000 for the paperback rights. Though he would like to return to Canada, Day now feels it would be "financial suicide." In the meantime, he's planning "lots of sex" in his future books.

For big performance in this year's *Fleeter* on two wheels, *Drivapack* Awaits, handsome Toronto-born actor **Hert Doehner** was jugged on a throwback to *Tyrene Power* in *Revolution A Way*. Doehner played a fraternity jerk on a bicycle and his career continues to career around the first scene in his latest film, *Prize in Terror*. This time he

**Doehner and Winters: murder over co-ed**



plays a fraternity jerk on a trike ride which means murder and mayhem with the romantic vagaries of rosy fruits and their rosy counterparts. Though backed-up female bodies keep showing up in sleeping compartments, Doehner's character finds time to flirt with D. D. Winters, the Niagara Falls, Ontario, starlet who claims to have been discovered after she was displayed in *Maclean's* last March 26. Doehner, 33, isn't afraid of being typecast as a frat ferver, but producers should be aware that after riding bicycles and trikes he prefers buses.

Says **Fox Smith** claims he suffers from the "dumb blonde syndrome" as a teen idol, but the bull-haired singer that after riding bicycles and trikes he prefers buses.

## Smith: looking for someone to kiss him

peaks—in the lead singer of an early-'70s warm-up band called **Fox**. As a punk, Smith ended up \$700,000 in debt and he's finally getting into the black with the release of his first solo album, *Smash*, a 77-year-old rock singer in the 1979 TV movie *Smash or Later*, which propelled him into the pub-rock ranks of **Steven Seidman** and **Lou Diamond**. In reality, Smith is 24, divorced and has sophisticated tastes in weight lifting. And he's no bubble-gummer socially—"anybody" plans to shake his well-manicured booty in Chicago's Playboy Club on New Year's Eve. "If I could find somebody to like, keep me," he confesses, "I'd just be a jerk."

The drums being, the cymbals clang and the music can be grand. But instead of **Hananay Tancay** getting the date, it's **Henry Kruger** on electric bass with four of his Alberta cabinet minister cohorts drinking and strumming along. The Tory version of Maclean's's *Band* is revolved by none other than Alberta's *Two Shakes*, which includes Transportation Minister Kruger (on bass and banjo); his wife, **Clara Kruger**, on drums; Solicitor-General **Graham Harris** on harp and ukulele; **Julian Kozak**, minister of consumer and corporate affairs, on sewer den; Attorney-General **Paul Crockett** on trumpet; Environment Minister **John Cookson**; and M.L.A. **Gaetano Topolinski**, both on sax. The group has been jamming for three years at constituency so-

cial functions and is waiting up for the annual Alberta Conservative convention next April. Kruger says the septet is invited to play golden oldies and **Walt Miller** modern, but the band refuses to play on at disco tempo.

As if the Cosmo-weekly lady's been tricked enough by the abduction of **Marlene Van** in 1978, a new book called *The Windsor Story* threatens to destroy the canonical film myth of the exiled Duke of Windsor and the divorced American commander he loved, **Wallis Simpson**. Authors **Charles Murphy** and **J. Evelyn III** suggest that the duke was a masochist who enjoyed being humiliated by women. They tell of **Freda Denny Ward**, who is said to have been the

reverting the final chapters to remove some harsh words.

"It is attractive for women to well-documented," says **Leslie G. Brown**, a Quebec-born actress who wangled an invitation to the Governor-General's ball last fall to discover for herself whether the allegations about **Pierre Trudeau** were true. Griffith's *Devilish Miss-A-Mite* with **Isay Pierre** capped four months of digging into the posies of the former prime minister and his estranged disco-babe, **Margaret Trudeau**. The result is a one-woman play called *Margie and Pierre*, based on the antics of the famous pair's couplings and un-

**GODFREY: deep-thinking on the Trudeau**



BARBARA GODFREY

mistress to the Prince of Wales from 1939 to 1951 and concluded that her charge "had been humbled, degraded. He begged for it." They go on to cite the well-heeled dominatrix posited by Simpson, who had frequently been beaten by her first husband. "Darling," the duke is said to have uttered to his ex-wife, "are you going to send me to bed again in tears?" Pilrows dampen.

The publication of the long-awaited memoirs of the deposed shah **Pouss Pahlavi** of Iran was postponed earlier this month by his Paris publishers. It seems that the shah wrote the book while he was safely hiding out in Mexico and from that vantage point he felt comfortable blaming President **Jerry Carter** and U.S. foreign policies for the revolution in his native country. However, since he has found medical sanctuary in the U.S., the shah is said to be

couplings. The show is currently performing in parked houses in Toronto, though Griffith, 36, maintains it is not an exposé. She prefers to call it a "fantasy," although more than a few *Olews* deep thoughts surely sprang all about the couple into her receptive ears. "I got three versions for every incident," Griffith recalls, "and everybody said they knew the truth."

British Columbia's Municipal Affairs Minister **Bill Vander Zalm** earned himself an anti-French reputation by protesting liberal civil bores and singing a little dirge he wrote called *Progs*. But recently the blustering minister has been spotted wearing a blue and silver *Shir-dar-dar* in his lapel. Vander Zalm contends that his sartorial ornamentation does not indicate apologetic support. It's just that the pils goes nicely with his blue suit.

Edited by **Marina Bonfatti**

# 'Is it too much to ask that they learn the rudiments?'

By Trent Frayne

Carl Brewer, 41 but spry, tethered off to the team club at Houston. Now Brunswick, last week—the first leave steps in a comeback attempt with his old team, the Toronto Maple Leafs. Brewer's trek had a deep effect upon the current Leaf general manager, Peter I. Hollick. Brewer's coach in a time, 15 years ago, when the Leafs were actually a Stanley Cup finalist. And it brought tears of (a) gratitude or (b) nostalgia or, more than likely, (c) mirth to old Punch's eyes.

There wasn't much chance. Punch said about Brewer's request for a trial: "Bobby Bauer's got a bad back. Tom Horton's dead and Allan Stastny couldn't skate 10 years ago. Who else could I get?"

Brewer has been in retirement so long that he could be mistaken for Jafar, but the quality of what passes for big-league hockey has become so diluted since his glory days that he can make it back. The awful truth is that he could be right.

When Carl left the Maple Leafs in 1966, the team

was still a six-season league. Now there are 30 teams that number and it often seems that the quality of play is 30 times worse. The same magnitude that used to spawn six teams is now the clubhouse for 21—a leap from 120 players in Brewer's time to 620.

It's not the players who come from all the corners of all these teams? NHL owners grapple over the recent contributions of the U.S. colleges and the ice flows of Europe, and observe that the Canadian players are bigger and better than ever, reaching the net in record numbers even while still eligible for junior play. What's really happening in that kids who used to knock out their full apprenticeship in the juniors are now forced into the pros, and league headquarters in Montreal says fewer than 75 Americans and Europeans will be drafted in 1990 at least one appearance this season. So, in point of fact, Canadians who used to grid out a livelihood in the minors or were junior grade maturing on farm clubs are

now filling out big-league rosters.

The latest figures on the average income of NHL players reach a tidy \$180,000 and, the general level of hockey being what it is, the soaring question arises: is it asking too much to suggest that a man earning \$180,000 a year out his vacation time from four months each summer to two so he can learn the rudiments of his occupation?

There are certain qualifications required in his line of work, of course. He should be a good strong starter and, allowing for such exceptions as Garde



Howe, Dave Keon and the aforementioned Brewer, he should be young, without fear and determined. It goes without saying that he should know how to hook, hold, cross-check, elbow, trip and fight. However, in earning his money, since 1978-80, it's not required that he be able to shoot, pass, check or do anything on his backhand side—such as shoot, pass a puck or take a pass.

The way things stand now, this fellow goes to training camp in mid-September and grinds out the next eight months in big-city arenas in three time zones covering 2½ games a week until mid-May. It's a long and demanding season but when it's over he has tens of millions and girls and boats for the best four months of the year.

Save those eight months are a dream on his physical resources, a strain on his nerves and a tax on his piece of mind. Just surviving the travel and tension and 200 or so games in a row. There's not much time in those eight months for him to be taught the basics of his occupa-



tion, as he is left totally incapable of passing the puck properly, taking a pass properly, shooting a puck properly or stickhandling properly. What he can do is mock in, be transient, fight anybody, shoot a slapshot and occasionally skate like the wind. He has great guts, he won't quit, but the basics of his business are utterly beyond him. That's why old men and young kids fill out today's rosters. It's also why the fantastically fundamental Soviets keep learning us to shoot. (Did you observe last week that Moscow Spartak opened its Canadian tour by shading the Victoria Cougars 10-3 and smugly the reinforced—revised—New Westminster Bruins 11-1?)

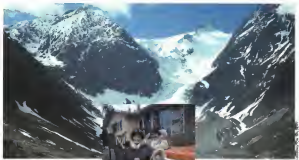
But there is a solution—or there could be. If a summer school is advocated. Yes, hockey players should be encouraged to take extension courses, never mind how the idea torments their summer psychosis. Answering for the attrition of the long season, everybody gets a month off, mid-May to mid-June. Then school opens for two months of work for all test.

Hours in passing and shooting and stickhandling. Revolutionary concepts are proposed: players will not be allowed to pass the puck without looking; no one will be permitted to shoot the puck in from the centre red line; instead—ready, men—players will be encouraged to shoot while on their way past the defence. To carry the idea of summer seminars to preposterous lengths, it is suggested that the slapshot slowly be withdrawn from general use. Nothing too radical, you understand, no old hockey stuff, just gradual withdrawal and a slow introduction of wrist shots and backhand shots and long hours of rest in between as the old values are relearned.

The idea is to conduct seminars primarily in money sinks or recovery economies, arenas reflecting the cultural shock. Courses end in mid-August, allowing the players another month of vacation before they undertake another grind in three time zones in mid-September. Bless their hearts.

# The YUKON

## A dream province



By Paul Koring

Winter brings a hard, cold, analytical lurch to the Yukon. It is a period of enforced isolation and introspection after the activity that fills the almost continuous summer daylight. In the summer, helicopters buzz busy over the husband, staking out mineral claims, heavy construction crews started and, with luck, firemen, and sportsmen go fishing in broad daylight at 11 o'clock at night. But in December, Yukoners venture out in brightly colored parkas only to huddle from heated home to heated vehicle to heated workplaces. On the bitterest days, when the mercury drops below -40°C, going outdoors becomes something to be avoided. Occasionally, a memorable atmospheric concoction of engine exhaust and furnace fumes called ice fog blankets communities. Even the dusky brilliance of sun so low in the bars, as in the gracefully modern, glass-fronted legislature in Whitehorse, and around old barrel staves in long highway lodges, the talk invariably turns to the future.

But Mountains near N.W.T. border, Alaska and Flynn of Whitehorse, emerging from the pantheon of Canada's consciousness

ple's time, while more traditional natives trap moose, lynx, muskrat and beaver. At night in the towns, cars and trucks are left running outside the bars, their owners aware that, once turned off, engines may not start again. In the bars, as in the gracefully modern, glass-fronted legislature in Whitehorse, and around old barrel staves in long highway lodges, the talk invariably turns to the future.

With its tiny population of 35,000 scattered in pockets across 207,000 square miles of undeveloped wilderness, the Yukon is on the verge of becoming Canada's 11th province. But Elton Haugen, whose family runs a highway hotel near Tuzit, puts it another way. "We are about to be dragged kicking and screaming into the 1990s." After 80 years of relative obscurity interrupted only twice by fame—first during the great Klondike gold rush and later by the near-herculean effort to punch the Alaska Highway through 1,500 miles of wilderness in one month—the Yukon is about to emerge from its historical place as the cold periphery of Canada's national consciousness. It was Joe Clark who proposed during the last election campaign that he would offer the Yukon a referendum on provincialhood "within my first term." And thanks to Indian and Northern Affairs Minister Julie Epp, who wanted to move the Yukon has already achieved a large measure of self-government. In October, with a quack and dramatic gesture, Epp reduced the role of federally appointed Commissioner Jane Christensen, trans-





Anil Mita (left), Parsons, a badge of isolation, what price provincialism?

the climate. Though bad winters can be brutal, the dry climate is less unpleasant and many people than the deep chill of eastern cities.

High prices and distance don't seem to limit the good life. Holidays "Outsiders" are de rigueur; shopping excursions to Vancouver are not uncommon and people drive hundreds of miles to have dinner in Whitehorse, the capital and largest city. Indeed, the most worrisome problem to most Yukoners is the stagnant economy, not provincialism. The potential for a huge economic boom certainly exists but the Alaska Highway natural gas pipeline has been delayed repeatedly by red tape and financing problems. The wave of speculation immediately following the 1978 approval of the \$15-billion project was premature and the economy is now stalled in the lull before the storm.

"Spring doesn't hold a lot of hope, and with high interest rates and the U.S. in a recession," warns contractor Beed. Once pipeline construction gets under way, probably in 1985, it should serve as a catalyst for other economic activity. But until then, the economy will remain generously tied to the output of the Cypress Avond Mine at Faro in the central Yukon. There, huge electric shovels tear at lead-zinc, which has replaced gold as the economic lifeblood of the territory. But the mine has been plagued by eight strikes in nine years and the slightest ripple at Avond has post-rail consequences for the rest of the territory.

Faro, with a population of 1,700, is already the second-largest community in the territory and is likely to become a major center in the heart of the mineral-rich Behm basin. Still, little of the Yukon's mineral potential has been identified, let alone developed, and most of its valleys remain "unspoiled and still," just as poet Robert Service described them more than 70 years ago. Although mineral exploration hit an all-time high in 1979 and runaway gold prices sparked new interest in the Klondike fields with probably the largest number of claims (more than 35,000) since the gold rush, a shortage of hydroelectric power and a troubled transportation system reduce chances of new mines opening in the immediate future. Big plans abound, including the expansion of the narrow-gauge White Pass and Yukon Route railway 108 miles from Whitehorse to the Faro area and a 300-megawatt dam on the Yukon River. Both projects are long-term and would eventually spur the mining industry, but Avond President John Brook says more immediate solutions are needed. "The great and grandiose plans are fine for the future but we have to solve to-

day's problems now." However, until one of the six major mineral properties already located in the territory can be brought into production, the economy will depend on Avond, these much smaller mines, tourism and government, which continues to be the largest employer.

Despite the current slump, a widely held feeling of optimism for the future remains. Self-government and the settlement of land claims will remove two major obstacles to development and there seems to be general agreement that there will be a boom. It is simply a question of how soon. When it comes, it will no doubt add to the social difficulties facing the territory. The typical "frontier" problems of suicide, alcoholism, divorce and crime are certain to be compounded by an influx of pipeliners, just as they were in Alaska during the early 1950s.

Whitehorse, with nearly 60 per cent of the population (41,000), will bear the brunt of the impact. Sprawling along the Yukon River and surrounded by mountains, it is a study in contrasts—a small town living the life of a capital city with all of the amenities associated with being a seat of government and the location of corporate head offices. Fine French restaurants, boutiques, the availability of 30 jet flights a week to the "Outside," all contribute to a big-city feeling, yet Whitehorse is too small for urban anonymity. Modern office buildings will share the same city block with old log houses. But much of the rugged old lifestyle is disappearing. Drinking in the streets was outlawed earlier this year in deference to "civilized" sensibilities and the post office has begun a security guard to deter drunkards out of the lobby. The taverns have had the dearest offer: drinking for those who cannot afford bar prices has been relegated to the sidewalks. But at least one Whitehorse alderman, Jon Byrne, opposed the ruling, arguing that the city was simply taking an "out-of-sight, out-of-mind" approach to the problem. There are fears it will mean death by freezing for drunks who pass out away from main streets. Even the Whitehorse Inn, which for decades hosted everything from Royal Canadian Mounted Police to world leaders, was torn down last spring to make way for that quintessential of Canadian main-corner institutions: a bank.

While Whitehorse and Faro plunge into the future, quieter towns lead an existence of balance. Dawson City's worn and weathered buildings evoke images of the gold-rush heyday, gossamer architecture at the Caribou Hotel in Carcross are reminiscent of a sleeper era, and in the tiny Indian village of Old Crow, hunting, trapping and fishing provide a lifestyle that has remained unchanged for centuries. A few families, unac-

quainted and almost unknown, have found solitude and escape in cabins deep in the bush, content with the infrequent visits of bush planes and even rarer trips to town. In much of the territory, moose and grizzly roam sagrains and thousands of lakes remain unaltered. Even the most pro-development factions vow not to destroy the natural heritage. "Yukoners are pretty sophisticated. They've seen what has happened elsewhere and they won't let it happen here," says a man who makes his living mining. It is the freedom to choose a lifestyle that is perhaps the Yukon's

greatest attraction. Its greatest challenge may be to preserve that freedom of choice as the rest of the country increasingly looks north for solutions to its economic woes. Yukon administrator Doug Ball probably summed it up best when he turned over the reins of power to the Yukon government this fall: "Our time on the stage of Canadian history has come again... it is an opportunity and a challenge worthy of northerners. We can become southern carbon copies or we can become anew... the destiny of the Yukon now rests in our hands. What we make of it is up to us." ☐



Dalton Highway, alongside at Whitehorse Lake. "Spring doesn't hold a lot of hope."

Atkins came north independently in 1955. Armed only with an arts degree from the University of Toronto, Flynn drove up the Alaska Highway. He worked first as a laborer for a trucking firm and is now manager of the Whitehorse Chamber of Commerce. Atkins was with the department of transport in Ottawa when she was first sent to the Yukon to help establish a transit system in Whitehorse. After a brief stint back in Ottawa she was seconded to the Lynx inquiry, which was evaluating the Alaska Highway natural gas pipeline. She is now manager of the Yukon office of the Northern Pipeline Agency. They were married 18 months ago and have an \$88,000 three-bedroom home in the fashionable Whitehorse suburb of Riverdale. The house would fit comfortably anywhere in Canada, except perhaps for the bright red, four-wheel-drive pickup parked outside. Driving with headlights, it is the ultimate Yukon status symbol.

Although the couple's combined income is nearly \$50,000, the astronomical cost of living wipes out the advantages of high northern wages. "I don't know



where the money goes," Lauretta Flynn. Everything from fuel to stoves off the long, cold winters to foodstuffs is imported and expensive. Food prices in Whitehorse are 22 per cent higher than in Edmonton, and in Dawson City the difference is as much as 60 per cent. But fresh fruit, vegetables and other perishables are in abundance even during the winter and although the summers are short, the heat and long daylight hours make for good gardening. Indeed, Yukoners tend to dramatize the severity of

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# A culture's watch on death row



THE EXECUTIONER'S SON  
by Norman Mailer  
(McClelland and Stewart, \$19.95)

**S**ymbolically the execution and the victim matched—they were both chubby. Gary Gilmore, 36, sleazy in ethos and contemptible in behavior (two inked neckties and countless acts of sadistic pockmarking), was executed Jan. 17, 1977, by a firing squad made Utah State Prison's canteen. Utah's first execution in 16 years took place on a makeshift stage in front of a sealed mattress. Outside the canteen the media layed. *New France* writer Robert Aron watched ABC's coverage with apoplexy. "Gerald Rivers, arrested in black (either jacket and jeans and looking cool)... shouting into his mike 'Kill the Rona [Ravett] segment. Get rid of it... You'll be able to hear the shots I promise'."

Fade, respectfully, to black and up on Norman Mailer, winner with *Impassioned* photographer Larry Schiller of the media letter for the rights to Gary Gilmore's story. By last September pre-publication stories were reporting that Mailer had won "some of the best" in his subject. He is quoted as seeing Gilmore as "a genius endowed with an exceptional imagination." A slight sense of vision-admiration clouds the forthcoming true-life novel. Is this to be another case of the dead Gilmore-disease, another



example of the truly magnificent variety of the Western genre?

The answer is no. Mailer lays out the data of the Gilmore story with common sense and in stunning detail. His period-piece prose style matches the plain-speaking Utah Mormon community that became the setting for Gilmore's antics. If the book is flawed it is only because Gary Gilmore's criminality is as unquenchable and small. En-casé Gilmore is helped by everyone he meets, only to respond by killing first, a gas station attendant and then a motel clerk for a few dollars to put down on an old pickup truck. This insignificant case becomes the centre of attention when Gilmore refuses to accept his death sentence. In the subsequent conviction his long-afraid friend Niels Bohr, 30, wife mother of two neglected children and passive bio-partner of everything that asks one, it elevated to a mythical figure by joining Gilmore in an unsuccessful suicide pact. It is in this young of death that Mailer sees the heroism of Gilmore. Others may see it as the ultimate con.

Through the individual pathology of

Gilmore leaves court after confirmation of his death sentence; Mailer with his son John (bottom); a hero or the ultimate con

Gary Gilmore asks no light as severity is given, his story does raise some interesting questions. It illustrates ex-quisitely the ambivalence in our desire for and revulsion with capital punishment. Even though a decent society understands that executing someone should be a moral dilemma, we still feel that there is no other way to respond to the Gilmore of our world than by shooting them. We return the death penalty together with the hope that it will never be used. Gilmore's sole accomplishment in his miserable life was touched by one flash of genius he called us bluff by demanding execution.

It is, of course, ironic, that Gilmore might have been innocent under the law. Evidence of his sanity seems to abound in his feinting of the state gas that would be used in the execution and his loose-mouthed accounts of earlier violent activities all point to a man so attracted by Thanatos as to be arguably insane. But his law-

yers chose to offer no defense at his trial. This underlines what is common knowledge among lawyers, judges and interested laymen—though most will probably deny it—that half the legal profession exhibits not varying degrees of competence but varying degrees of incompetence. Gilmore's case was also compounded by the dreadful public defender system which, as Gilmore himself pointed out, meant his defense counsel was paid by the same state that paid his prosecutors. If nothing else, Gilmore's trial and conviction illustrate how distorted justice becomes under a scheme that all but destroys the adversary system.

In the end what fascinates most is the sibling of Gary Gilmore—featuring vulgarity of all networks. The old question of whether the press reports or creates the news is never more relevant than in Gilmore's case, where he alone made interviews and photos conditional on actions he wanted the press to take on his behalf. Still, Mailer's account reinforces the view that it is precisely because the media does create some events that its freedom is ultimately a good thing. Justice would not even be pursued to avoid important questions were it not for the hope that the light would be purchased.

There is nothing heroic about Gilmore. What is heroic is Mailer's own backtracking skill in rendering so vast an amount of material into so accessible and fascinating a form. The essential things about life are often revealed in its shabby edges and even an account of petty evil fascinates when crafted by a fine writer. You can so make a life piece out of a son's or Barbara Angel

## Recollections of rose-colored revisionism

WHITE HOUSE YEARS  
by Henry Kissinger  
(McClelland and Stewart, \$25)

**"T**he capacity to admire others," admits Henry Kissinger, will rise to 3,400 pages long. *White House Years*, "is not my most fully developed trait." Fortunately, not only does the former secretary of state to President Richard Nixon underestimate that capacity, he shows other talents—even literacy—as well. In this work, covering Kissinger's first four years in the White House, ending with the signing of the Vietnam peace agreement in January, 1973, his view of world diplomacy is laid bare. Intimate detail and insightful anecdote perform a forced march through a rigorous daily schedule, revealing moments that are at once exclusive, enlightening and exhilarating. And all the while, Super-K can-

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Klausinger, zones of selective amnesia

ries the bureaucratic burden of his state department like some cumbersome backpack on a high-flying mission.

For democracy, Klausinger has long been a confining place to conduct the open-ended negotiations for which he would like to remain famous. He approvingly quotes, for example, former United Nations secretary-general Dag Hammarskjöld: "The most dangerous of all moral dilemmas when we are obliged to see real truth in order to help the truth to be victorious." Even with the difficulties of democracy the mission aboard the Jordan cross, the secret trip to Peking, Paris peace negotiations, Nixon in Moscow. They are success, however, viewed from behind the spectacles of this media manipulator and world missionary.

Recollections of race-colored revolutions: "The ultimate victims of our domestic agenda," he says, "were the gentle people of Cambodia." An amiable position after the unannounced offensive against minorities in Cambodia when Hanoi needed to be convinced that the continuation of war was worse than settlement. Anything for the so-called "peace with honor" that was Klausinger's job to deliver to Nixon.

But if there is selective amnesia on some topics, there is clear recall on his home "Soviet or later," says Klausinger, "every president since Roosevelt has become convinced that he should take a personal hand in East-West relations through face-to-face meetings with the Soviet leaders." Not Nixon's force, says Klausinger. He doesn't allow Nixon "a great sense of tragedy; he instinctively knew when the moment for decision had arrived." But there was petty behavior, too, when Nixon persuaded Klausinger through face-to-face meetings with the Soviet leaders that Nixon had exceeded his authority and cancelled a Sikh Fleet frogwar display that Nixon had particularly wanted to see.

Klausinger is wise enough to avoid basking himself too seriously. He reports a conversation with Charles de Gaulle in which he was reduced to childish rubble. And Jordan's King Hussein had no idea how pliable the fear-stricken Klausinger was during a four-flying helicopter ride with Hussein at the controls. But he is at his best describing others, not himself. Some examples: the recently hanged Pakistan Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, who was "elegant, elegant [and] not above playing a demagogic anti-American tune when it served his domestic purposes"; Chairman Mao Tse-tung, who ended "in almost tangible form the overwhelming drive to peace"; Chou En-lai, who fled a room with "his air of controlled tension, steady discipline, and self-control, as if he were a coiled spring"; assassinated Indian prime minister Akhilesh, who "I considered it a success to keep awake."

And there's the magic word "I." Of the 16 photographs selected to accompany the text, Klausinger appears in 11. The stage is large, but the player is larger. All the time, of course, he comes equipped with his historic view: "If history teaches us anything it is that there can be no peace without equilibrium and no justice without restraint." And finally of that which Klausinger, he would have the world believe, For while this first of two volumes concludes with Vietnam, peace, it is Klausinger's own peace that fills the final sentence: "I was at peace with myself, either cited or not." He is almost succeeds in making the world smaller than life. Almost, but not quite. And in that failure is the book's success. **Roderick McQueen**

### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- VICTIMS
- 1 *Life Before Man, Abraham (1)*
  - 2 *The Devil's Alternative, Pynchon (2)*
  - 3 *Ballin, Roemer (4)*
  - 4 *The Last Goodnight, Stewart (3)*
  - 5 *Jehovah, Monaghan (3)*
  - 6 *Smiley's People, Le Carré (5)*
  - 7 *The Madman's Club, Leffler (1)*
  - 8 *The Desert Song, King (1)*
  - 9 *Memories of Another City, Pugh (1)*
  - 10 *The Establishment, Paul Castellani (1)*
  - 11 *And No Birds Sing, Maxwell (1)*
  - 12 *The Street (Shaw), Foster (2)*
  - 13 *The Art of Emily Carr, Sheehy (1)*
  - 14 *Chastelaine Chastel, Sweeney (2)*
  - 15 *Amel From a Cape Book, Bonhoeffer (1)*
  - 16 *Who Killed Lynne Harper, Truett (1)*
  - 17 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation, Shuchman (1)*
  - 18 *Madame Mao, Kennedy (1)*
  - 19 *James Hervey's Yorkshire, Warrick (1)*
  - 20 *White House Years, Kissinger (1)*

(1) 1974-1975 sales; (2) 1975-1976 sales



## Films

# The traffic of toys in a cosmic playground

STAR TREK  
Directed by Robert Wise

There are times when it looks like the kind of treasure you find only in a dream, and it sends you out of the theatre glowing with good feeling. The movie version of *Star Trek* is a technician's triumph. Though seemingly directed by Robert Wise, the movie really belongs to men like Douglas Trumbull, the special-effects wizard who lowered the Motherlode down over Devil's Tower in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. *Star Trek* is a continuation of that incredible high—a look inside the Motherlode. But on the inside of the Starship USS Enterprise where the plot has to be developed and people must talk to one another, it resembles another movie which Robert Wise directed—*The Sound of Music*. Still, because there's poetry in the effects and the lighting and the sound, and because there's a sweetness behind it, *Star Trek*, like *Moonwalker*, is one of the best "movie-movies" of the year.

As a TV series *Star Trek* had a jump on most others. Its subject was intelli-

gence, its forms and its work, and it had a story, let's open the next-door quality to it. The quest for intelligence and the "newness" that only intelligence can manufacture become as exciting as action. The United Nations crew of the Enterprise—Captain Kirk, Spock, Uhura, Scotty and Chekov—had a performing rhythm going that matched the matter of good friends. Doc (Robert McElroy) had had, headed eyes, Spock, the Vulcan with some human blood, had come, panted ours and a vapidly dry vulnerability. To the lovely crowd of adolescents who first watched Spock with fascination and sympathy, he was the ultimate outsider. The habits of the crew, like those of Mary Richards and friends at the Minneapolis TV station, were a kind of assurance in the face of change. Spock Trek showed you change and then said "it's all right."

Everyone has been reassured by the reputedly \$30-million movie. William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, James Deakin, George Takei, Nichelle Nichols and Walter Koenig. It's nice to see the faces again, but they're positively older. The actors

Ship's Enterprise being launched on its mission. Spock, Kirk with reports raised

have lost their rhythm. Who to blame? The passage of time? The once-rapacious reporter has rusted. Who to blame? The songwriter. If it wasn't for the spirit that informed the show—the quest—*Star Trek* would be pretty terrible. But the spirit is there in the movie with all its mashing music.

A man of destructive force is headed toward Earth; the Enterprise is the only starship able to intercept it. Underlying ropes, the ship is hardly ready, and there's insurance as well from the commander Kirk is replaced by Decker (Stephen Collins, who seems to have tape-lined implants instead of eyes, give him Robert Redford's photogenic hair) as you have the next major space novel. A new crew member, Ilia (Persis Khambatta, who is lovely but bald), had an affair with Decker years ago. When the immense energy force, VORX, is close to an ingenious plot twist, duplicates Ilia as a robot with a memory bank, it's only Decker who can reach her. It's there that *Star Trek* takes off as the Enterprise drifts into the blue space, sequestered here that in VORX.

VORX, it turns out, is a giant life-form machine, which has gathered so much data that it has begun to evolve a consciousness, and it's headed for Earth—to look for its creator, of all things. It is, as Spock, cottons on, a child—all-power-



ful but with the emotion and needs of a kid. Except for *Close Encounters*, there has never been as benign a view of the unknown. After the *Korngoren* has entered the gargantuan star-dewer that is *STAR8's* decade, Truitt and another special-effects man, John Dykstra (after *War*), work a masterful survival. Assisted by Richard King's crisp, beauteous photography, they take you on a guided tour through the color spectrum. Throughout the movie the minutiae are playful and enjoyably poetic: they have the serene pre-happy coloring of Alexander Calder's machines, floating around like toys that have been flung into outer space. The movie itself is a great big toy: it's caddy technology and in his score Jerry Goldsmith has found the music to match the traffic of toys.

*Star Trek* is the creature of craftsmen. They keep it alive. And when *Star Trek* sticks to their work, it has the righteousness of perfect entertainment. **LAWRENCE O'TOOLE**

## Gags of a wild and crazy goy

THE JERK Directed by Carl Reiner

**A**ny decade gets the comedy it deserves. In the '60s, stand-up satirists such as Lenny Bruce and Mort Sahl turned the nightclub stage into an open stage, their subjects were war, the pettiness of populism and the famine of the North American spirit. But for the style-as-substance. The wit and kind of comedy was rendered white attitude was less political, more absurdist—and whose only message was "oldtime show biz is dead." By imitating failed vaudeville, inept improvisers and various talk-show hosts, vaudeville rank as Abbott Brooks, Andy Kaufman and Martin. Mail codified their audience with radical comic strategies, forcing them to ask themselves, "Is that supposed to be funny?"

Steve Martin lodged his bets—and built a highly successful career on TV and records, as the road and on the bookshelf—by, appealing to the lower of goofy gags inside every "Tin aristocrat." His jokes, his stances, his whole comic persona were really dumb—and pretty funny. And with North American taking audiences to their limits these days, as though they were underpowered Ferrari, it was inevitable that Martin would make his move to the big screen.

So what comic is his model for the character of *The Jerk*? Jerry Lewis? It's not surprising if you have read the *TV* magazine or the *Playboy*, in which he is described as "a real comedy genius" and Lewis' films as "90-

per-cent masterpieces of comedy." *The Jerk* is Martin's attempt to turn Lewis' shtick admitted into a wild and crazy goy. It's a finally lost series of skits about Nevin Johnson who realizes when he hears his first Mautsman record that he is not a black man. And it's full of the kind of slapstick that had "no growing in Appalachians" day. Steve uses his pants Steve knacks over some furniture Steve steps in one ka-ko (actually, this last gag is kind of funny). Carl Reiner, who has made his own contributions to comedy with *Bel Castor*, *Mid Brooks* and *Dick Van Dyke*, does little to get a feeling or rhythm or even an ears of good feeling that will carry audiences over the slow spots. And throughout, there is the sense of a laid-back arrangement—that Steve's audience, heard speaking the film grasps on his last words, will live whatever this wait-without-acting decides to commit to film.

Look, it's no big deal. Martin's fans will undoubtedly excuse him for a lackluster feature film debut. The rest of you are advised to catch Jerry Lewis singing *You'll Never Walk Alone* on his Labor Day television New York's funny. **Richard Corliss**

Martin, looking pants, shopping in L.A.



Mailbush (left) will soon compare in L.A.

comedy epic about a fake Japanese attack on Los Angeles during the Second World War, is an example of Hollywood at its most wasteful, no-minded and disorienting—an attempt to uphold the oldest tradition: a single culture has over been responsible for.

Directed by wonderful Steven Spielberg (*Duel*, *Jaws*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*), this movie comedy extravaganza covers the market on twit wit. John Belushi is a slab of ass. Dan Aykroyd is a pig-like soldier running a tank through Hollywood Boulevard. Robert Stack watches *Comedy* while Bill breaks loose in L.A. Nancy Allen has a thing about cockpits. Treat Williams is a macho jerk. Neil Patrick Harris and Lorraine Gary are housewives who find the war in their back-porch. Not very dexterously, all characters converge. Which works out in the end, before they do, the best Spielberg can come up with is a poorly staged fight at a USO dance, a tank crashing through a glass factory, a house crumbling to pieces, and so on. Generally speaking, there are maybe 10 laughs in the entire thing, which works out in something like \$10 million (and change) per laugh. It's possible that the referee grins at the fact of this movie's new wave-ness. The love certainly didn't fail.

its way into the soft-lit studio reconstruction of L.A. or into special effects—may be into the endless script rewritten.

A long time after *Green Wella* had said that the movies were the biggest for anyone could have to play with, it seemed that Spielberg would be the underdog craftsman to make good on that crack. But in 1981 (they're not even much evidence that Spielberg exposed what he was doing, and the result is a kind of glum goldness. It's much like Stanley Kramer's comedy epic, *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, except *Mad World* was possibly funnier—like a life saying that drowning is preferable to live as a mass of death. The jokes in 1981 are as old and tired they seem to be a sign of early artistic senility (The only decent one is a *Joan* joke right at the start.) 1981 is for the very young—unless.

Next Christmas, perhaps Steven Spielberg won't be so greedily and small as Santa Claus for something small or he might enjoy it more. As for the hole-in-the-sky movie, 1981 is about the best Christmas present it's likely to be. It's the only really bad. Tell all your friends. **L.O.T.**

## Stillborn scenes of bourgeoisie

THE GASTON ROOM

Directed by François Truffaut

THE EUROPEANS

Directed by Jean YVES

**F**or any film-maker who has ever been called sensitive, or critical, or good with actors, it must be tempting to try to bring Henry James to the screen. One of James' sharp achievements was to turn his perceptive eye as a purifier fall of wily Europeans and wifely Americans, and construct a code of behavior, an ethic, a philosophy from every gesture and glance, every word and even more, from the silences and stillness of a class of people so supremely courteous of others' feelings and intricately absorbed in their own. James mastered the art of deftly reducing to terms of surfaces—which is just how American critic Andrew Barris has described the art of the cinema, so to him from Henry James would seem to be obvious.

It hasn't worked out that way. There have been a couple of effective movies made out of his stories, but the effects haven't been his. Back in the '60s, William Wyler turned *Washington Square* into *The French*, a finely acted melodrama about a wine-drinking, wine-bred tycoon's father—which was not, alas, what James' story was about.



Ellis, Kristin Griffith: junior games

And in the early '80s Thomas Capelle and director Jack Clayton turned up *The French* of the *Screen* into *The Europeans*, a full-bladed about story with oddball overtones. Now James Ivory has filmed *The Europeans*, and Francis Truffaut has tackled *The Alter of the Dead*, and severely bruised it.

*The Alter of the Dead* is about Strassman, a man obsessed with death and with newness for all his departed friends, for whom he has created a chapel lighted with dozens of candles, one for each of "the Others." On his visits to the chapel, he is seen joined by another magnificent woman, a woman who, it turns out, venerates only one Other—a man whom Strassman had never forgiven for committing some vague, terrible wrong against him. Truffaut, who has walked with love and death many times before, notably in *The Shogun of Adels* and *The Man Who Loved Women*, would seem an ideal translator for this tale of sanctified masochism. Not so.

In *The Green Room*, his own obsession and his system have got the better of him. Not only has he peopled Strassman's altar with photographs of his own "immortal dead" (film composer Maurice Jaubert and Oscar Werner as Julius in Truffaut's *Julius and Jim*) but he has cast himself in the leading role. A good actor might have suggested some romance through the fat tones of his voice, could have struck some subtle spark behind the grey, unblinking eyes, would have brought to life the moving, serene ending of the story. Truffaut can only seep through the role. Someone should light a candle for him—and for his stillborn film.

In *The Europeans*, Truffaut was playing with one of his favorite cultural collisions sophisticated old Europe versus

puppy-orient and aggressive young America. *Europe's*, a plain but charming young woman who has spent some years in Europe, visits her New England cousin. As if at a masked ball conducted by Monet, everyone selects a partner, changes partners and ends up with the person most suited to him. James describes the story as a sketch, and a film of it demands grace and wit and the lightest stroke imaginable. James Ivory (*Room*) does not have the lightest stroke imaginable. He just does possibly have the steadiest—which brings Henry James's gentle dance of manners almost to a standstill, while some attractive scenes (Lee Remick, Robin Ellis, Lisa Scher, Tim Woodward) were around for the music of the spheres to begin. *The Europeans* is certainly a pretty film, but it's also pretty empty.

What *Europe's* film wins on the elegant and distinctive voice of Henry James. For him, the teller is the tale. James's sentences, with their quick assemblages of syntax and their abiding of conversational tones and their tendency to run on even longer than this one, represent a genius and heroic attempt to do justice to a moment in human time. It is to see it refracted through a dozen sensitivities and possibilities, a hundred small crucial changes with which each of us shapes our lives, our selves and the people and world around us. His stories are explanations and celebrations of what he called "the atmosphere of the mind." But in *The Green Room* and *The Europeans*, we get only photographs of some handsome, favored forebears. The sentence, elegant workshop of a writer, a story which Henry James shared only with his readers. **R.C.**

## Some delicious justice and Crosbie's artful con job

By Allan Fotheringham

It is the most drill-irony of all that the Liberals, whose wisdom emanates from the boardrooms of the nation, have been snookered into an election they do not want by a living Newfie joke, John Crosbie, who is as rich as half of Bay Street. Into the rustic drawl of an educated L.I. Aker, is the real architect of the hilarious scenario of Canadians going to the polls in mid-winter, with the trepidations of their minds still frozen open by dangling before the befuddled Opposition a budget drafted by Scroggie, the only finance minister to graduate from Lough-Ju has caused the supreme cruxes of the political stage into a contest they must fight without a coordinated leader. Some Newfie home joke.

John Crosbie, at this stage in December, is the real heart of the Tories. Joe Clark is a cypherhead, a chairman of the board, a nervous lad whose quavering palms reveal his constant surprise at being where he is. He is more underestimating than any leader, but he is not a natural leader.

Clark, on the fabled Thursday night of bluff when his tiny imperfect government fell, could not hide the tic of distress on his face at the prospect (particularly of so much no more) suddenly snatched away from him. He was just swinging into the role, gaining confidence perceptibly week by week, an overachiever at last rewarded with the fruits of his diligence, a winner-better devoted 100 years beyond his separation. Was all this to be yanked from him so precipitately?

Crosbie, on this same night of Marx Brothers jokes, was the opposite—an intellectual brawler who cannot abide a reporter's microphone without his lip curling in mischief. The finance minister who seeks it is the taxpayers at the pump and the grog shop wears \$137 executives while doing it. He enjoys the inaccuracy of his role, the taff man-quarrel as a good of boy.

In 1984, the day the stubborn rock of 20th-century conservatism is a columnist for the FT News Service.

Newfoundland joined Canada, there was an interesting little tableau at St. Andrew's, the exclusive private school outside Toronto where the Newfoundland rich send their sons in a vain attempt to absorb their true essence. The tired seed of the tired watched in wonderment as a clutch of Newfies stood in the dining hall—draped in the faces of their rusty boots dyed black—sneering down their faces and bellowing defiantly the words to *Gide to Newfoundland*. One of the Newfies was Frank Moore, who



event. Nonetheless, the Liberals had become sloppy in their thinking and their execution. Nonetheless, their own Conservative games to demonstrate their manhood—the boring, noncommittal plays—look on an air of rustic fraternity by game-playing, a diversion in their unpopularity, a means of occupying their unseasoned time in the unfamiliar fields of Opposition.

While the party twisted and turned in the wind, pulled this way by the Turner dream and the constant demerit of the Newfoundland prospect, the impatient crown prince who did not have change for the left squinted in indecision. The front bench, evident with left-over Liberal appearance, gazed each day in postmortem at the nervous twitchings of the left leg of Joe Clark, a man born with congenital twitchiness. The newsmen in the back bench, used by the aloof grandeur of the Trudeau myth sitting mate in their prime seat, grow chippy and complacent. Each day, the empty spaces in the Liberal benches indicated their boredom with the process.

What is most ludicrous in this country dominated by a young man who allegedly has the support of only 28 per cent of Gallup readers and by the world's most famous single parent who says he has lost the fire in his gut, is that Canadians will go to the polls on a frigid and irritated February day because of the most apprehensive factor of all: the double-knit cable from medieval rural Quebec.

It was delicious justice. The bored girth of power, impatient at being out of office for six months after 16 years of reigning as reality, fumbled into an assumed election because of its unearthing contempt for those who also were elected by the same democratic process: the funny-money risk of Social Credit.

The Liberals did not take them seriously. Because they did not, the country has 67 days to really look at a party—without a real leader, without a policy or a direction—that wants to be mounted once again.

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